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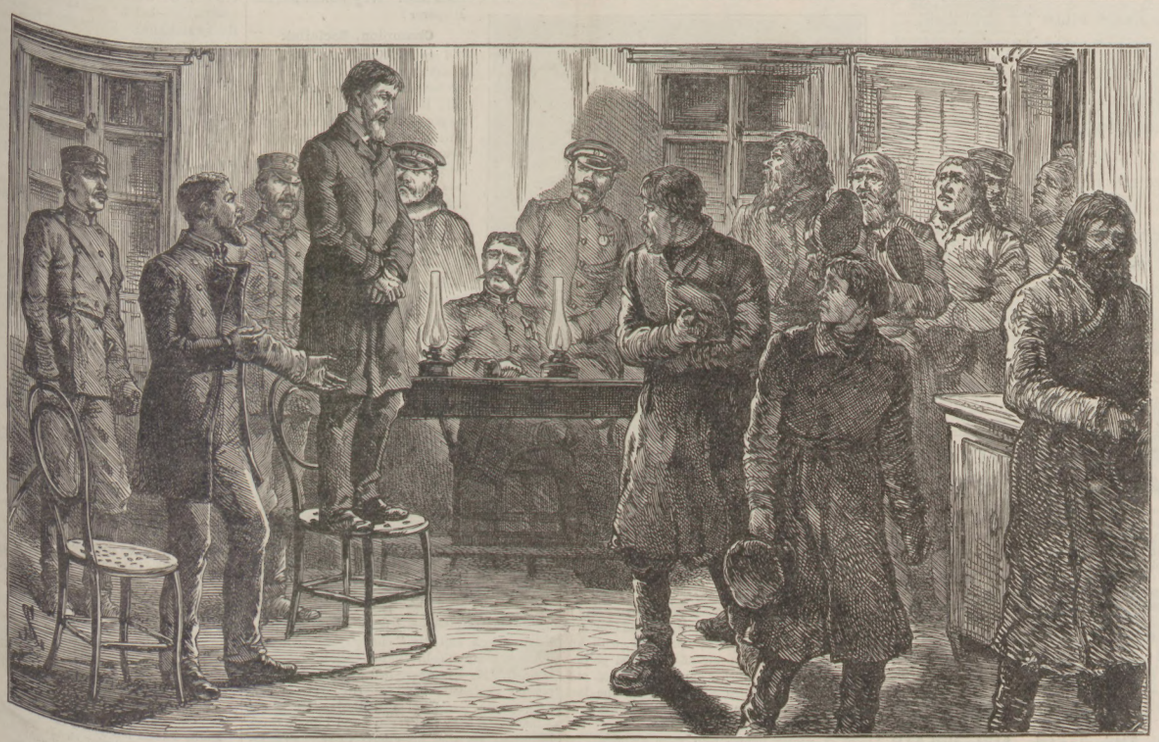

RUSSIAN NIHILISM: EXAMINING A NIHILIST AT THE CHIEF POLICE OFFICE, ST. PETERSBURG.

RUSSIAN NIHILISM: NIHILIST CONVICTS ON THE ROAD TO SIBERIA.—[SEE "HOW THE WORLD WAGS."]

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VERY TAKING.

"Do you think I look pretty in this habit, Jack?"
"Pretty? You 're as pretty as a picture—and I 'd like to take the picture."

A LESSON IN ENGLISH.

"MARTHA, I want you to pare and quarter these turnips."
"Whad yo' mean by dat, Miss Minnie?"
"Cut them like this."
"Dat all yo' want? Well, yo' mustn't use dem big words wid me. Why didn't yo' say cut 'em in two an' slit 'em again?"

THE BEST HE COULD DO.

MRS. BROWN: "What made you chalk your name on my new table?"
Little Johnnie: "'Cause I 'd lost my jack knife."

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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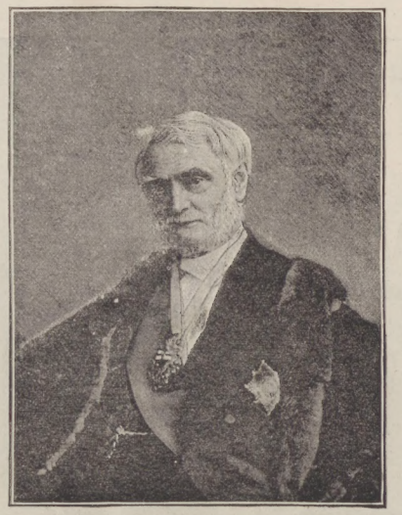
PERSONAL POLITICS

The Duke of Rutland.

IT is interesting to note that the Duke of Rutland, better known as Lord John Manners, is the Minister in attendance on the Queen. The Duchess is an old friend of her Majesty's, and a very charming woman, with ideas; an admirable writer, a sympathetic thinker, she is. I saw the Duke in the Lobby the other night, bent, with a feeble voice, but hale enough, cheery, and crowned with the long silken white hair which, with his great height, and the air of old-world politeness which distinguishes him, has been one of the signs by which men have for the last quarter of a century known the singer of "Young England." He was one of the band of young nobles who were attracted by "Dizzy," and were alternately used, celebrated, and laughed at by that adroit manager of men. Lord John has written a good deal of moderate verse, has preached a kind of Socialistic feudalism, and is a very honourable, upright, and kindly figure. He and Mr. Gladstone are lifelong friends, though the days of intimacy are over.



THE DUKE OF RUTLAND,
MINISTER IN ATTENDANCE ON THE QUEEN AT AIX-LES-BAINS.

The Emperor William.

One way and another I have been hearing a good deal lately about the German Emperor. A very distinguished London Minister, who knew the Imperial household in the old Emperor's days, and was specially friendly with the Empress Victoria, saw much of the Kaiser, and watched the lad closely. He found him absorbed in the study of Frederick the Great. He would devour every book about him that came in his way. He was fond of saying that if he came to the throne he would be to the nineteenth century what his ancestor had been to the eighteenth. All this with a boldness and openness which caused a good many wiseacres to shake their heads and prophesy evil things if there should ever be a William the Second at the head of the German Empire. The young man's time has come, and he has exactly fulfilled his ideas as to his "mission." I don't think he once supposed that his line was limited to keeping up the German army and the Bismarckian system. That was only one side of his character. I am afraid, however, it is true that he is capricious and a trifle untrustworthy—a kind of Imperial Randolph Churchill, in fact, with more character perhaps, more promise of steadiness as he grows older, and with much of the Hohenzollern capacity to push things through firmly and with a high hand. His difficulty will be in getting people to work with him and trust him. That he has taken a sound view of the situation in Germany, and has gone for social reform only just in time to save the country from Revolution, most observers who know the German people well are inclined to believe. The question is—Can he inspire the confidence which was felt in his grandfather, so long as Bismarck was at the Imperial elbow? There is a portrait of the Emperor given by him to Lord Salisbury which hangs in the drawing-room (I think) at Hatfield. It shows a very handsome young man, in gold and blue naval uniform, standing on the deck of a man-of-war, telescope in hand, sword at side. There is character, resolution, self-confidence stamped on every line of the Kaiser's face. But there is also a certain garishness, a theatrical glare and glitter, about the figure which inspires not exactly distrust, but doubt and even apprehension. However, it is useless to try and estimate these things too nicely. Great men are often theatrical enough—Napoleon, Alexander, Hildebrand, Savonarola—all sorts of "heroes," and all sorts of stamps, were theatrical. People like theatricality—it attracts and overawes them. But these men did a good deal in their time. Why should not the Emperor?

Champion, Socialist.

I see Mr. Knowles, of the *Nineteenth Century*, has given the place of honour in the April number to Mr. H. H. Champion, who is responsible for a characteristically shrewd, cynical, and suggestive symposium on the labour movement. Mr. Champion's thesis is the one which he is always maintaining—that the real need of the working man is for shorter hours with better pay, and this will come through the enlightened self-interest of the workers, who will press this reform on both parties and withhold their vote from the party which declines their terms. Perhaps, but Mr. Champion's views are less to my purpose here than his personality. Mr. Champion, no doubt, seems to represent himself and his school (which is not a large one) under his character "Blake," the Socialist. But is Mr. Champion a Socialist? Hardly. I am not sure that he would call himself one. I think he is rather a Tory Democrat of the Churchill school. His training is aristocratic, his connections are the same, a good many of his social attachments are the same. He is, I fancy, a Protectionist, and his Socialism, practically, stops short with an Eight Hours Bill. With all he is a clever, intriguing politician, with knowledge enough, and "go" enough, still to make a figure in our public life. But then his following is small. He has quarrelled with nearly all the regular Socialistic bodies. He is at daggers drawn with the London Radicals. He is not acknowledged by the Tories; and I don't think he would say that his efforts to start an independent labour party have been very successful. What is he going to do? Well, it all depends on whether the new Churchillian Toryism is going to succeed. If it does, we may hear of Mr. Champion ere long—in what capacity it is too soon to say.

Mr. Matthews's last Blunder.

So Mr. Matthews—most maladroit of Home Secretaries—is in trouble again. No one can understand his decision in the Crewe case—no one, whether he is in favour of hanging the boys or of acquitting them, can, so far as I can discover, be found to defend it. "Either both or none" is the universal verdict. What is almost worse than the decision itself is the delay in announcing it. The truth is that these cases find Mr. Matthews in a state of mental paralysis. He cannot make up his mind. When he does, instead of deciding for one course or another, he goes for what he thinks will please both parties and in reality satisfies none. He did so in the Cass case, in the Maybrick case, and in the Crewe case. He says things which people interpret as a Jobment in their favour, and then withdraws them. A brilliant, audacious, and skilful pleader, he becomes in his capacity as a kind of Supreme Lord of Appeal in criminal cases—a monument of indecision and weakness. No one who knew Mr. Matthews in his best days, who remembers him as one of the most successful advocates, one of the best after-dinner speakers of his time, can even picture the nervous, invertebrate, illogical, unpractical gentleman who will retire (on a peerage) from politics covered with a record of failures. Sir William Harcourt was not a good Home Secretary—nothing like as good as Lord Cross (with Lord Aberdare, the best of this generation)—but he was an angel compared to Henry Matthews. There are half a dozen men in the Government who would do better. Sir Edward Clarke, for instance, would be excellent at the Home Office. So would Lord Knutsford. So, if he had been a lawyer, would Mr. Ritchie. But it would serve Lord Salisbury's purposes to offer very handsome terms to its present occupant to "clear out."

Michael Davitt.

We always hunger for new personalities, and I think we shall soon be gratified by the reappearance in active public life of a man who has great claims on the respect of politicians, whether they agree with him or no. Michael Davitt will be before London in a few weeks as the conductor of a new journal entitled the *Labour World*. The title has been registered, and Mr. Davitt has had commendatory letters from notabilities of the Catholic and democratic world like Cardinal Gibbons and Cardinal Manning, and from labour leaders all the world over; and he has the chance, I think, of rising on the crest of the wave which is nowadays bringing the labouring-man of all countries and climes into power. It is right, too, that his time should come. In Ireland he has been shelved for politicians of a far inferior class—cynical and vulgar adventurers, who are not worthy to unloose his shoe-latchet, and this in spite of the fact that the one-armed man with the cavernous eyes and open look has done more for Nationalist Ireland—done more to sustain its enthusiasm, to initiate its later struggles, and to formulate its most successful performances than any man alive, barring Mr. Parnell. Davitt, too, has outgrown many of his earlier wildnesses, has emerged from a life of terrible trial a sober, steadfast, and straightforward man—a popular actor of a singularly attractive type, and still in spite of his temporary effacement, one of the most powerful men in Ireland. I shall look forward with interest to the new venture.

THE SCENE-SHIFTER.

Emin Pasha has joined the German service in East Africa, and will start on the 20th inst. with a caravan for Victoria Nyanza. Emin Pasha had long been dallying between the English and German administrations, but has now finally accepted the proposals of Major Wissman. He has accepted the German service on a salary of £1000 a year.

Sunday Organ Recitals in the Royal Albert Hall.—A series of Sunday afternoon Organ Recitals has been commenced in the Royal Albert Hall on the London Sunday. Visitors to relieve the dulness of the London Sunday, by forwarding a of admission may be had free by forwarding a stamped addressed envelope to Mr. Henry Miller, active Secretary of the National Sunday League, 8, Theobalds-road, W.C., specifying the Sunday for which tickets are required. Hampstead Heath and Victoria Park, we also learn with pleasure, are to have music on Sundays during the summer, by the London County Council having granted the Parks and Open Spaces Committee.

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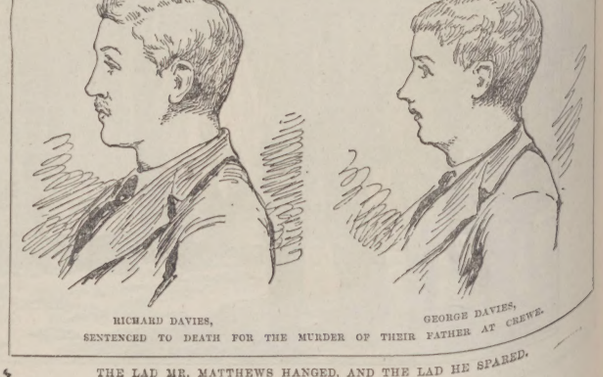

RICHARD DAVIES, GEORGE DAVIES,
SENTENCED TO DEATH FOR THE MURDER OF THEIR FATHER AT CREWE.

THE LAD MR. MATTHEWS HANGED, AND THE LAD HE SPARED.
Sketched in Court by a P.I.P. Artist.

FACTS AND FACES.

Mr. John Bridge,
THE NEW CHIEF MAGISTRATE OF LONDON.
From a Photograph by Fradelle and Young, 246, Regent-street.

WHOever is responsible for the appointment has done well in transplanting "Hammersmith Bridge" to Bow-street. As may be judged from his photograph, which Mr. A. Young has been kind enough to send me from his popular Photo-Mezzotint Gallery, Mr. John Bridge is a magistrate of energy and firmness of character. He should make an admirable successor to the late Sir James Ingham as Chief Magistrate of London. I learn from *Young Court* that Mr. Bridge was called to the Bar on Jan. 25, 1850, and was appointed a metropolitan magistrate on Jan. 18, 1872. For some years he presided at Southwark Police-Court, and on the death of Mr. Flowers was transferred to Bow-street, in which court he has adjudicated on many very important cases. I cordially wish Mr. Bridge may enjoy good health, and live long to adorn the post of the Chief Metropolitan Magistrate.

"By the World Forgot," the clever work of E. J. Clayden, is a quiet, natural love-story I have much pleasure in recommending, as I read it with deep interest during a showery interval of the Easter holidays. With rare literary skill does the writer bring before us the reposeful and fragrant Devon cottage in which a retired London editor ends his days, "by the world forgot," but cheered by the sweet companionship of his charming rose-bud of a daughter, beautiful Helen Grey; and with similar adroitness does this talented new novelist portray the various characters of her town and country romance—the ardent artist lover of Helen Grey; the dissipated young Squire who recently, the course of true love from running smoothly; the Rector's proud wife and her attractive daughters, for the worldly welfare of one of whom she slanders sweet Helen Grey; the sterling village doctor, and every individual, in short, concerned in the simple yet vivid and engrossing narrative. Read "By the World Forgot" issued for a shilling by F. Warne and Co., and join me in the earnest hope that E. J. Clayden may favour us with many another equally good story, as full of quiet charm and of tender and true descriptive passages.

THE PROMPTER.

MUSIC & THE DRAMA

Mr. H. Beerbohm Tree.
From a Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.

Playgoers who regard Mr. Tree as one of the very best dramatic artists of the period, and as an actor unsurpassed in the difficult art of losing his identity in each part he plays, will not fail to hasten to the Haymarket to admire him in his latest creation, that of "A Village Priest" in the clever new play Mr. Sydney Grundy has fabricated from M. Busnach's French piece "Le Secret de la Terreuse." The simple figure of the Abbé Dubois, with his pure love for the blind and widowed Madame D'Arcy, and his gentle life, the current of which is cruelly ruffled by the bringing to light of an almost forgotten crime, is a worthy addition to Mr. Tree's wonderfully vivid and versatile Portrait Gallery. Depository of the secrets of the confessional, the venerable Abbé Dubois can read the hearts of all in the village, and is so sorely perturbed by one trying family horror that he is led to leave the Church, in order to say the word which will clear the convicted game-keeper of the murder he is wrongfully found to have committed. As Mr. Clement Scott promptly pointed out in the masterly analytic review he wrote on the spur of the moment for the morrow's *Daily Telegraph*—over a column written by Mr. Scott within an hour and a half!—Mr. Grundy erred in causing the Village Priest to disclose the secret of the confessional; and the popular dramatist erred quite unnecessarily, because the escaped convict in the end declines to clear himself, and surrenders himself to the gendarmes, in order that the noble widow who has adopted his daughter shall not know it was her husband, a Judge, who was the actual murderer. This blemish might be removed with ease. As a study of character, "A Village Priest" is well worth seeing. The murder on which the plot is based occurs some twenty years before the play begins. A Judge, being detected in an intrigue with a Countess, has an altercation with the Count, and shoots him with the game-keeper's gun, which is found by the side of the corpse. Hence the conviction of the gamekeeper, mainly through the incriminatory charge of the wicked Judge. It is the escape of the convict, determined to clear himself in the eyes of the little daughter he loves, the one souvenir of his dead wife, that rakes up the sad memories of the crime, that threatens to part two betrothed lovers, the late Judge's son and the daughter of the Countess, and that fills the Priest, and all save the Judge's widow, with anguish. Except that one or two of the principals were barely audible on the trying first night, "A Village Priest" was well acted. Mr. Tree was admirably supported. How excellent his Abbé Dubois is I have already indicated. Mr. Fernandez as the convict was very powerful. Similarly praiseworthy were Miss Rose Leclercq and Mrs. Tree as the Countess and her daughter; Mr. Fred. Terry and Mrs. Gaston Murray as the Judge's son and widow; Mrs. E. H. Brooke as the Priest's tyrannical housekeeper, and Miss Norreys as the convict's daughter. Actors and author richly merited their hearty calls. Go and see "A Village Priest."

Mr. E. S. Willard.
From a Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.

Not for long could "The Spider" be kept from the paths of villany. Mr. Willard has paid the penalty of his pre-eminence as champion representative of the criminal classes by reappearing at the Shaftesbury in a new piece after the "Jim the Penman" style—very much after, indeed. He is a cool villain, and no mistake, is Dick Venables, the escaped convict; but Mr. A. Law has not proved strong or skilful enough to make an effective play out of this Dartmoor scoundrel. A more dexterous playwright than one whose humour is of the weak German Reed school could have had no difficulty in stringing together plenty of striking situations arising out of Dick Venables's sensational escape from Dartmoor convict prison, and his flight to his wife's home for shelter. She, poor woman! thinking her husband was dead, had just accepted the hand of the Governor of the prison, and is horror-stricken to find Dick Venables face to face with her in his convict's clothes. He has such mastery over her still that he persuades her to let him masquerade as her sailor-brother—as if so astute a thief would have remained in the vicinity of Dartmoor a moment longer than he possibly could! Posing as brother instead of husband, he has to listen to Captain Lankester's amorous conversation respecting his wife. Dick Venables keeps up his disguise till the end of the fourth act, when the real brother returns (to the delight of his sweetheart, the Archdeacon's fair daughter), and the convict is furthermore exposed by an accomplice in a jewellery robbery, in an attempt to stab whom Venables kills himself. Mr. Willard did all he could with the part of Dick Venables, but must have longed to have been the old potter again in "The Middleman." It was a plain proof of his great and deserved popularity as a strong character-actor that, poor though the play was, Mr. Willard was rapturously applauded. Tacked on to the central personages are an impossible Archdeacon of kleptomaniac proclivities (humorously represented by Mr. Alfred Bishop), and his wife and daughter (Mrs. Canninge and pretty Miss Annie Rose), and a stupid phrenological Dr. Pagan-stecher (capitally embodied by Mr. E. W. Garden). Miss Olga Brandon made a sympathetic convict's wife, and Mr. Elwood a manly Governor of the prison; while Mr. H. Cane was excellent as the burglar-valet, Peters. In answer to the customary senseless call for a "speech," Mr. Willard spoke a few apt words, and bowed his thanks for the reception accorded him.

Most theatregoers will join me in cordially wishing that delightfully sunny and natural young actress, Annie Hughes, a happy honeymoon. She became Mrs. Devereux on Easter Monday.

Mdlle. Zélie de Lussan, the charming and handsome young American soprano, has come, been seen and heard, and has conquered the town in English Opera, or rather Opera in English. The Carl Rosa Opera Company is to be warmly congratulated upon having secured the services of this delightful songstress, the sweet-voiced native of New York of whom I had the pleasure of giving a photograph last week. This gifted young lady made a perfectly enchanting Juliette in Gounod's "Roméo et Juliette," presented in its English form to a full audience on Saturday night last; and she found a congenial and gallant Romeo in our favourite Irish tenor, Mr. Barton McGuckin. Mr. Goossens conducted in a manner that would have pleased the late Carl Rosa himself; Mr. Augustus Harris mounted the love-tragedy in beautiful style; the orchestra and chorus were up to the Carl Rosa standard; and the principals were ably supported by Mr. F. H. Celli as Mercutio, Signor Abramoff as the Friar, Mr. Max Eugene as Capulet, Mr. E. Albert as the Duke, and Mr. John Child as Tybalt. Mdlle. Zélie de Lussan completed her triumph, and charmed a large house on Easter Monday night in "Carmen." Bewitching and fascinating, she enacted the capricious Spanish gipsy to the life. She was again well mated with a superb José in Mr. Barton McGuckin and a dulcet Escamillo in Mr. Leslie Crotty, whose mellow baritone notes are always welcome. The Michaela was Miss Amanda Fabris. It was made clear that Georges Bizet's tuneful lyric romance retains all its old popularity. The same with Balfe's melodious "Bohemian Girl," strongly cast thus by Mr. Harris: Thaddeus, Mr. John Child; Count Arnheim, Mr. F. H. Celli; Devilshoof, Mr. Aynsley Cook; Queen of the Gipsies, Mdlle. Tremelli; and Arline, Miss Fanny Moody. A similarly powerful cast is provided to-night for "Lurline." It is earnestly to be hoped that all classes will flock to Drury-Lane to encourage Opera in English as it is grandly produced by the Carl Rosa Opera Company, under the skilful direction of Mr. Augustus Harris.

Good luck to the New Theatre and to the New Castle Assembly Rooms, built by Mr. F. C. Mouflet on a picturesque riverside site near Richmond Bridge, and opened in gala fashion under the management of Mr. Horace Lennard, on Easter Monday! Under one roof are grouped one of the prettiest theatres imaginable, resembling St. George's Hall in shape; an *entr'acte* lounge and gymnasium, to smoke or box in, a beautiful ball-room, to be used in summer as a refreshment-room *à la* Gatti; a grill-room, and elaborate kitchens, large enough to provide bean-feasts galore. Overlooking the river, the spacious ball and refreshment-room should soon become a popular restaurant. Mrs. Langtry, looking radiantly beautiful in a bewitching new dress, kindly did Mr. Lennard the service to speak with charming grace and earnestness Mr. Frederick Bingham's prologue; and our sweet Rosalind was particularly hearty in her delivery of the closing words—

> The stream which is your pride in days of yore
> Good fortune to the "Castle" often bore;
> And may the kindly river of success
> Flow on to us in all unboundedness.
> Down from its head the Thames will ever glide,
> But from another *source* must flow the tide
> Which bears prosperity within our view,
> And, friends, that source we hope to find in *you*.

There appropriately followed in the afternoon a variety entertainment, noticeable features of which were Mrs. Shaw's whistling, Mr. Horace Lennard's amusing farce of "Namesakes," "Bardell v. Pickwick"; and in the evening Lady Monckton sustained her original part in a capital performance of "Jim the Penman," which attracted a good audience, including the Duke and Duchess of Teck, Princess Victoria and Prince Alexander, and the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz. A *P.I.P.* Artist sketches this bijou theatre and pretty assembly room, both of which richly merit public patronage, and will, no doubt, secure it. The New Theatre will soon be faced by the new municipal buildings of Richmond; and it is hoped that the beauty of Richmond will be enhanced by the building of a new lock to save the bed of the Thames being drained dry.

Pretty, charming, and accomplished, Mrs. Scott-Thorpe is deservedly a favourite reciter. It is good news that this talented lady is recovering from her severe illness. I counsel all who have the chance to hear her clever recitations.

The Prince and all interested in the fashionable pastime of banjo-playing should hie to Steinway Hall on May 1 and 15, when a perfect don on the banjo, Mr. Alfred Cammeyer, will give banjo recitals.

The secret of the popularity of the Oxford Music Hall is that its capable manager, Mr. J. H. Jennings, always secures the best talent. Thus, Easter sees the reappearance at the Oxford of such prime favourites as handsome Harriet Vernon and electric-limbed Dan Leno, cheery Chirgwin (the "white-eyed Kaffir"), melodious Alice Maydue, and other recognised artists.

I hear from Mr. A. H. Wall, erudite Secretary of the Shakspere Memorial, that the annual Shakspearean performances will commence at the Stratford-on-Avon Memorial Theatre, under the masterly direction of Mr. Osmond Tearle, on April 21. "King John" is to be the play on Shakspere's birthday—all honour to the day!

THESPIS.

[Drawn by Fred. Barnard.

She sat leaning back in a low chair, her face turned towards the window.

ARMOREL OF LYONESSE.

A ROMANCE OF TO-DAY.

BY WALTER BESANT.

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CHAPTER I.

THE CHILD OF SAMSON.

It was the evening of a fine September day. Through the square window, built out so as to form another room almost as large as that which had been thus enlarged, the autumn sun, now fast declining to the West, poured in warm and strong. But not too warm or too strong for the girl on whose head it fell as she sat leaning back in the low chair, her face turned towards the window. The sun of Scilly is never too fierce or too burning in summer, nor in winter does it ever lose its force; in July, when the people of the adjacent islands of Great Britain and Ireland venture not forth into the glare of the sun, here the soft sea mists and the strong sea air temper the heat; and in December the sun still shines with a lingering warmth, as if he loved the place. This girl lived in the sunshine all the year round; rowed in it; lay in it; basked in it, bareheaded, summer and winter: in the winter she would sit sheltered from the wind in some warm corner of the rocks; in summer she would lie on the hillside or stand upon the high headlands and the sea-beat crags while the breezes, which in the Land of Lyonesse do never cease, played with her long tresses and kept her soft cheek cool.

The window was wide open on all three sides; the girl had been doing some kind of work, but it had dropped from her hands, and now lay unregarded on the floor; she was gazing upon the scene before her, but with the accustomed eyes which looked out upon it every day. A girl who has such a picture continually before her all day long never tires of it, though she may not be always consciously considering it and praising it. The stranger, for his part, cannot choose but cry aloud for admiration; but the native, who knows it as no stranger can, is silent. The house, halfway up the low hill, looked out upon the south—to be exact, its aspect was S.W. by S.—so that from this window the girl saw always, stretched out at her feet, the ocean, now glowing in the golden sunshine of September. Had she been tall enough she might even have seen the coast of South America, the nearest land in the far distance. Looking S.W., that is, she would have seen the broad mouth of Oroonooque and the shores of El Dorado. This broad seascape was broken exactly in the middle by the Bishop's Rock and its stately lighthouse rising tall and straight out of the water: on the left hand the low hill of Annet shut out the sea; and on the right Great Minalto, rugged and black, the white foam always playing round its foot or flying over its great black northern headland, bounded and framed the picture. Almost in the middle of the water, not more than two miles distant, a sailing ship, all sails set, made swift way, bound outward one knows not whither. Lovely at all times is a ship in full sail, but doubly lovely when she is seen from afar, sailing on a smooth sea, under a cloudless sky, the sun of afternoon lighting up her white sails. No other ships were in sight; there was not even the long line of smoke which proclaims the steamer below the horizon; there was not even a Penzance fishing-boat tacking slowly homewards with brown sails and its two masts; in this direction there was no other sign of man.

The girl, I say, saw this sight every day: she never tired of it, partly because no one ever tires of the place in which he was born and has lived—not even an Arab of the Great Sandy Desert; partly because the sea, which has been called, by unobservant poets, unchanging, does, in fact, change—face, colour, mood, even shape—every day, and is never the same, except, perhaps, when the east wind of March covers the sky with a monotony of grey and takes the colour out of the face of ocean as it takes the colour from the granite rocks, last year's brown and yellow fern, and the purple heath. To this girl, who lived with the sea around her, it always formed a setting, a background, a frame for her thoughts and dreams. Wherever she went, whatever she said or sang, or thought or did, there was always in her ears the lapping or the lashing of the waves; always before her eyes was the white surge flying over the rocks; always the tumbling waves. But as for what she actually thought or what she dreamed, seeing how ignorant of the world she was, and how innocent and how young, and as for what was passing in her mind this afternoon as she sat at the window, I know not. On the first consideration of the thing, one would be inclined to ask how, without knowledge, can a girl think or imagine or dream anything? On further thought, one understands that knowledge has very little to do with dreams or fancies. Yet, with or without knowledge, no poet, sacred bard, or prophet has ever been able to divine the thoughts of a girl or to interpret them, or even to set them down, in consecutive language. I suppose they are not, in truth, thoughts. Thought implies reasoning, and the connection of facts, and the experience of life as far as it has gone. A young maiden's mind is full of dimly seen shadows and pallid ghosts which flit across the brain and disappear. These shadows have the semblance of shape, but it is dim and uncertain: they have the pretence of colour, but it changes every moment: if they seem to show a face, it vanishes immediately and is forgotten. Yet these shadows smile upon the young with kindly eyes; they beckon with their fingers, and point to where, low down on the horizon, with cloudy outline, lies the Purple Island—to such a girl as this the future is always a small island girt by the sea, far off and lonely. The shadows whisper to her; they sing to her; but no girl has ever yet told us—even if she understands—what it is they tell her.

She had been lying there, quiet and motionless, for an hour or more, ever since the tea-things had been taken away—at Holy Hill they have tea at half past four. The ancient lady who was in the room with her had fallen back again into the slumber which held her nearly all day long as well as all the night. The house seemed thoroughly wrapped and lapped in the softest peace and stillness; in one corner a high clock, wooden-cased, swung its brass pendulum behind a pane of glass with solemn and sonorous chronicle of the moments, so that they seemed to march rather than to fly. A clock ought not to tick as if Father Time were hurried and driven along without dignity and by a scourge. This clock, for one, was not in a hurry. Its tick showed that Time rests not—but hastes not. There is admonition in such a clock. When it has no one to admonish but a girl whose work depends on her own sweet will, its voice might seem thrown away; yet one never knows the worth of an admonition. Besides, the clock suited the place and the room. Where should Time march, with solemn step and slow, if not on the quiet island of Samson, in the Archipelago of Scilly? On its face was written the name of of its maker, plain for all the world to see—"Peter Trevellick, Penzance, A.D. 1741."

The room was not ceiled, but showed the dark joists and beams above, once painted, but a long time ago. The walls were wainscoted and painted drab, after an old fashion now gone out: within the panels hung coloured prints, which must have been there since the beginning of this century. They represented rural subjects—the farmer sitting before a sirloin of beef, while his wife, a cheerful nymph, brought him Brown George, foaming with her best home-brewed; children hung about his knees expectant of morsels. Or the rustic bade farewell to his sweetheart, the recruiting-sergeant waiting for him, and the villagers, to a woman, bathed in tears. There were half a dozen of those positions simply coloured. I believe they are now worth much money. But there were many other things in this room worth money. Opposite the fireplace stood a cabinet of carved oak, black with age, precious beyond price, as one could see at a glance. Behind its glass windows one could see a rare collection of things once strange and now rare—things which used to be brought home by sea long before steamers ploughed every ocean, and were wonderful things in coral, land and pink; Venus's-fingers from the Philippines; and fans from the Seychelles; stuffed birds of wondrous hue, daggers and knives, carved tomahawks, ivory toys, and many other things from the far East and fabulous Cathay. Moreover, the cabinet was a wooden desk, carved in mahogany, with a date of 1645, said to have been brought to the Islands by one of those Royalist prisoners whom Cromwell hanged on the highest carn of Hangman's Island. There was no escaping Cromwell—not even in Scilly, any more than in Jamaica. In one corner stood a cupboard, the door standing open. No cottage ever came here to gaze upon the treasures unspeakable of cups and saucers, plates and punch-bowls. On the mantelshelf were brass candlesticks and silver candlesticks, side by side with "garniments" of china, pink and gold, belonging to the artistic reign of good King George the Fourth. On the hearthrug before the fire, which was always burning in this room all the year round, lay an old dog sleeping.

Everybody knows the feeling of a room or a house belonging to the old. Even if the windows are kept open, the air is always close. Sleep is in the least-frequented corners of the room with folded wings. Sleep is always present in the gentle, elderly angel, sits in the chairs, and broods to the doors at all hours: for the sake of Peace and Sleep the house must be kept very quiet: nobody must ever laugh in the house: nobody must none of the litter that children make: nothing is out of its place: nothing is disturbed: the furniture is old-fashioned and formal: the curtains are old and faded: the carpets are old, faded, and worn: it is always evening: everything belonging to the house has done its work, all together, like the tenant, are sitting still

solemn, hushed, at rest, waiting for the approach-ing end.

The only young thing at Holy Hill was the girl at the window. Everything else was old—the servants, the farm labourers, the house, and the farmer. In the great hooded armchair beside the fire reposed the proprietor, tenant, or owner of all: she was the oldest and the most venerable human being ever seen. At this time she was asleep: her head had dropped forward a little, but not so that her eyes were closed; her hands were folded in her lap. She was now so very ancient that she never left her chair except for her bed; by reason of her great antiquity, she now passed most of the day in sleep, partly awake in the morning, when she gazed about and asked questions, she revived again in the evening, became lively and talkative, and suffered her self to return to the ancient days.

By the assistance of her handmaidens, this venerable lady was enabled to present an appearance both picturesque and pleasing, chiefly because it carried the imagination back to a period very remote. To begin with, she wore her hair-dressed all day long. Forty years ago it was not common in country places to find very old ladies who wore their bonnets all day long. Dorcas, however, was the last who still preserved that ancient custom. It was a large bonnet that she wore, a kind of bonnet calculated to impress very deeply the imagination of one—whether male or female—who saw it for the first time. It was of bold design, as capacious as a coal-scuttle, and as flowing in its lines as an old four-farthing: inspired in its lines as an old coat that was worn by some of the Waterloo period. Yet, in which it was permitted to gaze upon the bonnet with reverently. Within the bonnet an elaborate arrangement of cap and ribbons concealed whether or no there was any hair, and how much. Does one know? Venus Calva has never been unwrapped by men; and women only pay their tribute at her shrine from fear, never from love. The face of the sleeping lady reminded one at first vaguely—of history. Presently she perceived that it was the identical face which herself Occidental star, Queen Elizabeth would have assumed had she lived to the age of seventy-five, which was Ursula's time of life in the year 1884. For it was an aquiline face, thin and sharp; and if her eyes had been open you would have remarked that they were keen and piercing, also like those of the Tudor dames. Her cheek still preserved something of the colour which had once made it beautiful; neck and forehead alike were covered with numerable wrinkles, and her withered hands seemed to have grown too small for their natural size. She was dressed in black silk, and wore a gold chain about her neck.

The clock struck half past five, melodiously. The girl started and sat upright—as seemed to say—"Armorel," it out of her dream. "Armorel," it actually did say—; since it seemed to say, it Child Armorel, I am old and must. For a hundred and forty-three years. ever done. I left the hands of the ingenious Peter Horrilick, of Penzance, in the year 1741, I have been counting the moments, never ceasing save at those necessary periods when surgical operations have moment. Judge, therefore, for yourself how many there be in all I have counted. I must, you will very great-grandmother. I am older even than my great-grandmother. I remember her beautiful woman, for all she is now so worn and grey, and then a pretty child, and then a grandmother. I remember her father and her grand-children—and your own father, dear Armorel. Also her brothers and her son, and her moments pass: they never cease: I tell you as they go. You have but short space to do what you wish to do. You, child, have done nothing at all yet. But the moments pass. Your fourth passes. For you, too, work will be found. Your fifth passes. You can hear it pass. I tell the moment itself which it melts away and vanishes. Hear me, I shall pass. You may listen if you please, I tell the moments in which it slowly passes."

Armorel looked at the clock with serious eyes during the delivery of this fine sermon, the meaning of which she did not perhaps understand. Then she started up suddenly and rose to her feet, stung by a sudden pang of sadness with a quick breath and a sigh. We know that the noon of life are apt to forget that there is an restlessness to which youth is heir, and of an affection which greatly troubles the enjoyment of life, though it should be the time of the most contented: it is a disorder of anticipation, impatience, and inexperience. The stranger is all before: youth is eager to be gone to that unknown ocean full of strange country who would not be restless with such a glorious prospect? Armorel opened the door noiselessly, and looked out. At the same moment the old dog Rover, who crept out with her, going delicately and on tiptoe lest he should awaken the ancient lady, within the hall outside the girl stood listening. The house was quite silent, save that from the kitchen there was wafted on the air a soft sound, gentle, melodious, and murmurous, of the contented booming of a bumble-bee and the scent of the stewort. Armorel laughed gently. "Grandmother is asleep in the parlour; Dorcas and Susannah are asleep in the kitchen; Justinian is asleep somewhere in the farmyard."

She stepped out into the way, and the dog followed. Then she turned and passed through the door into the garden behind the house. It was not exactly a well-ordered garden, but everything seemed to grow as it pleased. Here and there in samson you have not to look for flowers and plants into growing: they grow where they please them to grow: this is the garden faced the south-west, and was protected from the north and east by the house itself and by a high stone wall. There is not anywhere on the island a warmer and sunnier corner than this little front garden of Holy Hill. The geranium clambered up the walls beside and among the branches of the tree-fuchsia, both together covering the front of the house with the rich colouring of their flowers. On either side of the door grew a great tree, with gnarled trunk and twisted branches, of lemon verbena, fragrant and sweet, perfuming the air; the myrtles were like unto trees for size; the very marguerites ran to timber of the smaller kind; the pampas-grass in the warmest corner rose eight feet high, waving its long silver plumes; the tall stalk still stood which had borne the flowers of an aloe that very summer: the leaves of the plant itself were slowly dying away, their lifework, which is nothing at all but the production of that one flowering stem, finished. That done, the world has no more attractions for the aloe: it is content: it slowly dies away. And in the front of the garden was a row of tall dracæna palms. An old ship's figure-head, thrown ashore after a wreck, representing the head and bust of a beautiful maiden, gilded, but with a good deal of the gilt rubbed off, stood in the left hand of the garden, half hidden by another fuchsia-tree in flower; and a huge old-fashioned ship's lantern hung from an iron bar projecting over the door of the house.

The house itself was of stone, with a roof of small slates. Impossible to say how old it was, because in this land stonework ages rapidly, and soon becomes covered with yellow and orange lichen, while in the interstices there soon grows the grey sandwort; and in the soft sea air and the damp sea mists the sharp edges even of granite are quickly rounded off and crumbled. But it was a very old house, save for the square projecting window, which had been added recently—say thirty or forty years ago—a long, low house of two storeys, simply built: it stands halfway up the hill which slopes down to the water's edge: it is protected from the north and north-east winds, which are the deadliest enemies to Scilly, partly by the hill behind and partly by a spur of grey rock running like an ancient Cyclopean wall down the whole face of the hill into the sea, where for many a fathom it sticks out black teeth, round which the white surge rises and tumbles, even in the calmest time.

Beyond the garden-wall—why they wanted a garden-wall I know not, except for the pride and dignity of the thing—was a narrow green, with a little—a very little—pond: in the pond there were ducks; and beside the green was a small farmyard, containing everything that a farmyard should contain except a stable. It had no stable, because there are no horses or carts upon the island. Pigs there are, and cows; fowls there are, and ducks and geese, and a single donkey for the purpose of carrying the flower baskets from the farm to the landing-place. But neither horse nor cart.

Beyond the farmyard was a cottage, exactly like the house, but smaller. It was thatched, and on the thatch grew clumps of samphire. This was the abode of Justinian Tryeth, bailiff, head man, or foreman, who managed the farm. When you have named Ursula Rosevean, and Armorel, her great-great-granddaughter, and Justinian Tryeth, and Dorcas his wife—she was a native of St. Agnes, and therefore a Hicks by birth—Peter his son, and Chessun his daughter, you have a complete directory of the island, because nobody else now lives on Samson. Formerly, however, and almost within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, according to the computation of antiquaries and the voice of tradition, this island maintained a population of over twoscore.

The hill which rises behind the house is the southern hill of the two which, with the broad valley between them, make up the Island of Samson. This hill slopes steeply seaward to south and west. It is not a lofty hill, by any means. In Scilly there are no lofty hills. When Nature addressed herself to the construction of this archipelago she brought to the task a light touch: at the moment she happened to be full of feeling for the great and artistic effects which may be produced by small elevations, especially in those places where the material is granite. Therefore, though she raised no Alpine peak in Scilly, she provided great abundance and any variety of bold coast-line with rugged cliffs, lofty carns, and headlands piled with rocks. And her success as an artist in this *genre* has been undoubtedly wonderful. The actual measurement of Holy Hill, Samson—but why should we measure?—has been taken, for the admiration of the world, by the Ordnance Survey. It is really no more than a hundred and thirty-two feet—not a foot more or less. But then one knows hills ten times that height—the Herefordshire Beacon, for example—which are not half so mountainous in the effect produced. Only a hundred and thirty-two feet—yet on its summit one feels the exhilaration of spirits caused by the air elsewhere of five thousand feet at least. On its southern and western slopes lie the fields which form the Flower Farm of Holy Hill.

Below the farmyard the ground sloped more steeply to the water: the slope was covered with short heather fern, now brown and yellow, and long trailing branches of bramble, now laden with ripe blackberries, the leaves enriched with blazon of gold and purple and crimson.

Armorel ran across the green and plunged among the fern, tossing her arms and singing aloud, the old dog trotting and jumping, but with less elasticity, beside her. She was bare-headed; the sunshine made her dark cheeks ruddy and caused her black eyes to glow. Hebe, young and strong, loves Phœbus and fears not any freckles. When she came to the water's edge, where the boulders lie piled in a broken mass among and above the water, she stood still and looked across the sea, silent for a moment. Then she began to sing in a strong contralto; but no one could hear her, not even the coast-guard on Telegraph Hill, or he of the Star Fort: the song she sang was one taught her by the old lady who had sung it herself in the old, old days, when the road was always filled with merchantmen waiting for convoy up the Channel, and when the islands were rich with the trade of the ships, and their piloting, and their wrecks—to say nothing of the free trade which went on gallantly and without break or stop. As she sang she lifted her arms and swung them in slow cadence, as a Nautch-girl sometimes swings her arms. What she sang was none other than the old song—

> Early one morning, just as the sun was rising,
> I heard a maid sing in the valley below:
> Oh! don't deceive me. Oh! never leave me,
> How could you use a poor maiden so?

In the year of grace 1884 Armorel was fifteen years of age. But she looked nineteen or twenty, because she was so tall and so well grown. She was dressed simply in a blue flannel; the straw hat which she carried in her hand was trimmed with red ribbons; at her throat she had stuck a red verbena—she naturally took to red, because her complexion was so dark. Black hair; black eyes; a strongly marked brow; a dark cheek of warm and ruddy hue; the lips full, but the mouth finely curved; features large but regular—she was already, although so young, a tall and handsome woman. Those able to understand things would recognise in her dark complexion, in her carriage, in her eyes, and in her upright figure the true Castilian touch. The gipsy is swarthy; the negro is black; the mulatto is dusky; it is not the colour alone, but the figure and the carriage also, which mark the Spanish blood. A noble Spanish lady: yet how could she get to Samson?

She wore no gloves—you cannot buy gloves in Samson—and her hands were brown with exposure to sea and sun, to wind and rain: they were by no means tiny hands, but strong and capable hands; her arms—no one ever saw them, but for shape and whiteness they could not be matched—would have disgraced no young fellow of her own age for strength and muscle. That was fairly to be expected in one who continually sailed and rowed across the inland seas of this archipelago; who went to church by boat and to market by boat; who paid her visits by boat and transacted her business by boat, and went by boat to do her shopping. She who rows every day upon the salt water, and knows how to manage a sail when the breeze is strong and the Atlantic surge rolls over the rocks and roughens the still water of the road, must needs be strong and sound. For my own part, I admire not the fragile maiden so much as her who rejoices in her strength. Youth, in woman as well as in man, should be brave and lusty; clean of limb as well as of heart; strong of arm as well as of will, enduring hardness of voluntary labour as well as hardness of involuntary pain; with feet that can walk, run, and climb, and with hands that can hold on. Such a girl as Armorel, so tall, so strong, so healthy, offers, methinks, a home ready-made for all the virtues, and especially the virtues feminine, to house themselves therein. Here they will remain, growing stronger every day, until at last they have become part and parcel of the very girl herself, and cannot be parted from her. Whereas, when they visit the puny creature, weak, timid, delicate—but no—'tis better to remain silent.

How many times had the girl wandered, morning or afternoon, down the rough face of the hill, and stood looking vaguely out to sea, and presently returned home again? How many such walks had she taken and forgotten? For a hundred times—yea, a thousand times—we do over and over again the old familiar action, the little piece of the day's routine, and forget it when we lie down to sleep. But there comes the thousandth time when the same thing is done again in the same way, yet is never to be forgotten. For on that day happens the thing which changes and charges a whole life. It is the first of many days. It is the beginning of new days. From it, whatever may have happened before, everything shall now be dated until the end. Mohammed lived many years, but all the things that happened unto him or his successors are dated from the Flight. Is it for nothing that it has been told what things Armorel did and how she looked on this day? Not so, but for the sake of what happened afterwards, and because the History of Armorel begins with this restless fit, which drove her out of the quiet room down the hillside to the sea. Her history begins, like every history of a woman worth relating, with the man cast by the sea upon the shores of her island. The maiden always lives upon an island, and whether the man is cast upon the shore by the Sea of Society, or the Sea of Travel, or the Sea of Accident, or the Sea of Adventure, or the Sea of briny waves and roaring winds and jagged rocks, matters little. To Armorel it was the last. To you, dear Dorothy or Violet, it will doubtless be by the Sea of Society. And the day that casts him before your feet will ever after begin a new period in your reckoning.

Armorel stopped her song as suddenly as she had begun it. She stopped because in the water below her, not far from the shore, she saw a strange thing. She had good sea eyes—an ordinary telescope does not afford a field of vision much larger or clearer across water than Armorel's eyes—but the thing was so strange that she shaded her forehead with her hand, and looked more curiously.

It would be strange on any evening, even after the calmest day of summer, when the sun is setting low, to see a small boat going out beyond Samson towards the Western Islets. There the swell of ocean is always rolling among the rocks and round the crags and headlands of the isles. Only in calm weather and in broad daylight can the boatman who knows the place venture in those waters. Not even the most skilled boatman would steer for the outer islands at sunset. For there are hidden rocks, long ridges of teeth that run out from the islands to tear and grind to powder any boat that should be caught in their devouring jaws. There are currents also which run swiftly and unexpectedly between the islands to sweep the boat along with them till it shall strike the rocks and so go down with any who are aboard; and, there are strong gusts which sweep round the headlands and blow through the narrow sounds. So that it is only when the day is calm and in the full light of the sun that a boat can sail among these islands.

Yet Armorel saw a boat on the water, not half a mile from Samson, with two men on board. More than this, the boat was apparently without oars or sails, and it was drifting out to sea. What did this mean?

She looked and wondered. She looked again, and she remembered.

The tide was ebbing, the boat was floating out with the tide; the breeze had dropped, but there was still something left: what there was came from the south-east and helped the boat along: there was not much sea, but the feet of Great Minalto were white, and the white foam kept leaping up the sides, and on her right, over the ledges round White Island, the water was tearing and boiling a white and angry heap. Why, the wind was getting up, and the sun was setting, and if they did not begin to row back as hard as they could, and that soon, they would be out to sea and in the dark.

She looked again, and she thought more. The sinking sun sank upon the boat, and lit it up so plainly that she could now see very well two things. First, that the boat was really without any oars or sail at all; and next, that the two men in her were not natives of Scilly. She could not discern their faces, but she could tell by their appearance and the way they sat in the boat that they were not men of the place. Besides, what would an islander want out in a boat at such a time and in such a place? They were, therefore, visitors; and by the quiet way in which they sat, as if it mattered not at all, it was perfectly plain that they understood little or nothing of their danger.

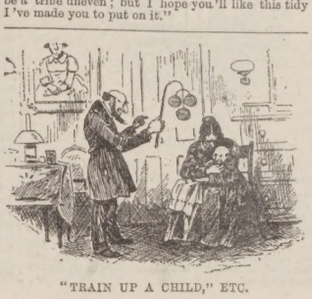
Again she considered, and now it became certain to her, looking down upon the boat, that the current was not taking her out to sea at all, which would be dangerous enough, but actually straight on to the ridge or ledge of rocks lying off the south-west of White Island. Then, seized with sudden terror, she turned and fled back to the farm.

(To be continued.)

AN OPENING FOR A YOUNG MAN.

HER LITTLE GIFT.

DEAR OLD AUNT BUXTON.—Your father tells me you 've bought a seat in the Stock Exchange, Burtis. I can't see as well as I useter, an' the stitches may be a trifle uneven; but I hope you'll like this tidy I 've made you to put on it."



"TRAIN UP A CHILD," ETC.

HOW THE WORLD WAGS

THE QUEEN (according to "*Truth*-ful Tommy") stays at Aix-les-Bains until Thursday, the 17th, and, in the event of her going to Darmstadt, the journey will be made without a break, by way of Geneva, Bâle, and Freiburg. Her Majesty would stop at Darmstadt for four days, and then return direct to England, embarking on board the Victoria and Albert at Flushing, and landing at Port Victoria.

The Queen (says "Atlas") intends to spend her birthday at Balmoral, and a notification has been received at the castle that her Majesty will arrive there on Thursday, May 22. The Queen will stay at Balmoral until after Ascot week, when she returns to Windsor to receive the Duke and Duchess of Connaught.

No galley-slave, says *Truth*, ever was harder worked than was the Prince of Wales during his week's stay at Berlin; and he must have been truly delighted to get away from that city. From morning to night the Prince was either paying formal visits or receiving them, or else witnessing military parades. These visits, moreover, require constant changes of costume, for some must be paid or received in plain dress, others in a Prussian unform, and others in a British uniform. There is also a tiresome etiquette about the wearing of orders which is very troublesome.

The Prince of Wales spent Easter Monday at Monte Carlo, making private visits.

Berlin wants to erect a statue to Prince Bismarck; but if he were consulted about the matter he would probably decline to be represented in Berlin by a "poor image": statues are not the form of distinction by which he delights to be honoured. There are statues of him at Cologne and at Kissingen, and some years ago he said in the Reichstag: "With regard to statues, I must confess that that form of showing gratitude is not to my taste. It would embarrass me greatly if I were in Cologne, for instance, to know what kind of expression to assume in passing my statue. I experience that in Kissingen when I am walking on the promenade, and find myself by the side of my fossilised self."

We all trust the Princess of Wales may be thoroughly restored to health. She has been suffering from a feverish cold and sore throat at Marlborough House.

Prince Albert Victor, returning from India, arrived at Cairo on Monday afternoon at four o'clock. There was no official reception, but he was met at the station by Sir Evelyn Baring, the Khedive's Master of Ceremonies, Major-General Dormer and Staff, the Sirdar, Sir F. W. Grenfell, and Baker Pasha. He went first to Sir Evelyn Baring's residence, and at five o'clock called on the Khedive at the Abdeen Palace, the latter returning the call shortly after. The Prince dined with Sir E. Baring in the evening.

Mr. Stanley and Dr. Parke have sailed by the Hydaspes for Brindisi. Mr. Stanley has written to M. Gambard, Spanish Consul in Nice, stating that he will not be able to visit him as previously arranged, but will go direct to Brussels from Brindisi.

Lord Salisbury left Nice last Monday afternoon for Monte Carlo, together with Lady Salisbury, Lady Gwendolen Cecil, and Lord and Lady Cranborne. The Premier has thoroughly enjoyed his visit to the Riviera, and looks brighter and better for it.

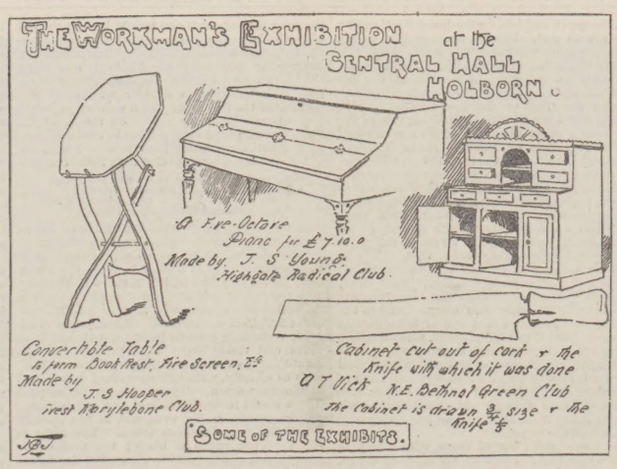
The Emperor William has issued a rescript on the subject of the officering of the Army. He says that simultaneously with the increased need of officers has come an increase of available material. The nobility can now no longer claim the monopoly, but the spread of education has made it possible for the higher middle classes to become officers. It is, therefore, in his Majesty's opinion, necessary to check the luxury prevalent in military society; and he orders commanding officers to lower the scale of private incomes required by those who wish to enter the service. He also orders the names of all incurably extravagant officers to be reported to him.

It is well that we should now and again be reminded of the heroic deeds of Britain's gallant sailors of the

JACK CRAWFORD'S HEROISM.

type of plucky Jack Crawford. The Earl of Camperdown on Easter Monday unveiled a statue in Mowbray Park, Sunderland, erected as a memorial to Jack Crawford, a native of the town, who nailed Admiral Duncan's colours to the maintop-gallant-mast of the Venerable, at the battle of Camperdown, Oct. 11, 1797. The Earl of Durham was present at the ceremony, as was the Mayor of Sunderland; and in the procession there walked three hundred bluejackets sent by the Admiralty, as well as representatives of the military and Volunteer forces. It is worth while to recall that the gallant Admiral was made Viscount Duncan in honour of the fight, and received a grant of £3000 per annum for himself and his next two successors in the Peerage. His son was created Earl of Camperdown in 1831.

THE SINEWS OF WEALTH are found in Health; and health, strength, nutritive, flesh-forming qualities, and staying power are retained and concentrated in CADBURY'S COCOA.—[ADVT.]



The Easter Monday naval operations in connection with the military engagement at Gosport (sketched by a *P.I.P.* Artist) proved to be of a most exciting nature. There were two flotillas of gun-boats, one assisting the attackers and the other co-operating with the defenders. It had been intended that the former should land a Naval Brigade to act with the Volunteers, but the rough sea prevented this for a time, and while the gun-boats were shelling those places on land which were held by the defenders, the defenders' gun-boats came up on their flank, opened fire, and compelled them to withdraw, but only temporarily, as the attacking flotilla was reinforced and the others were driven back. The wind and the sea having somewhat moderated, the bluejackets landed, dragged their guns to the front, opened fire, and had just turned the fortunes of war against the defenders, when the "Cease fire" sounded. One of the prettiest incidents of the day was unquestionably the attack by the gun-boats, and the landing of the Naval Brigade. At the close of the day's fight the entire force of Volunteers, regulars, and seamen made for the Grange field, where there was the customary march-past. In crossing from Portsmouth to Gosport by the floating bridge, Lieut.-Gen. Lord Abinger (who commanded "the enemy") is reported to have met with a slight accident through being jammed by a brewer's dray.

The Duke of Cambridge, with whom were General Sir Leicester Smyth and a brilliant staff, watched the Gosport operations. In the course of the afternoon the Duke of Cambridge opened, at the Gun Wharf, Portsmouth, a Military Exhibition. His Royal Highness, in his speech, incidentally mentioned that it would not be long before, at the close of a lengthened period of service, he should retire, and he was extremely gratified at being present at such a ceremony. He wished the undertaking every success. The exhibits, contributed for the most part by the military and naval officers of the garrison and port, number about 1200.

Heavy and squally weather prevailed during the whole time the sham fight was proceeding last Monday on Folkestone Hills. The South London Volunteer Brigade was divided into an invading and defending force, the former being under the command of Colonel Stracey, and the latter under Colonel Fraser, the London Scottish coming over from Dover to take part in the operations. The invading force marched up the hill sides in a storm of wind and rain, and took up a strong position at Cæsar's Camp, from which the defenders for a long time endeavoured to dislodge them. At the close of the engagement the troops marched past, and most of them proceeded to Shorncliffe station, whence they left in special trains for London.

Stanmer Downs was the scene of the Easter Monday sham fight with the Brighton force, and it took place in most inclement weather. The Hon. Artillery Company and the First London Engineers were engaged on the one side, and the Naval Brigade and some Sussex and Middlesex Volunteers on the other, a troop of Hussars being attached to each force. During the fight rain fell heavily, and the hills were enveloped in mist; but after the battle the sun shone out brilliantly for the rest of the day.

The operations on the Downs at Eastbourne were conducted on Monday in almost continuous rain. The Volunteers were divided into opposing forces, under Colonel Bevington and Colonel Villiers, and at the close of the fighting, which lasted three hours, the troops marched past General Hamilton, who was in supreme command. More favourable weather was experienced at Colchester, where, after waiting till the rain ceased, a four hours' sham fight between various battalions of Essex Volunteers and some regular troops took place on Dowland Heath. The City of London Rifles had a sham fight with Hampshire corps near Winchester, and there was a field day between Surrey and Sussex Volunteers at Chichester.

Severe hurricanes have been experienced in the Pacific during the past month. Their effect appears to have been most disastrous on the coasts of the New Hebrides, where several ships were wrecked, including a labour vessel which ran ashore on the island of Malliculo, five whites and thirty natives being drowned, while thirty others, who succeeded in reaching the shore, were massacred by the savages.

A Workmen's Exhibition was opened on Easter Monday at the Central Hall, Holborn, being the first exhibition organised by that admirable and energetic body the Working Men's Club and Institute Union. Some five hundred exhibits are there on view, and they reflect very great credit upon the organisers, and still more upon the artisan and skilful workmen who have contributed cabinet work and furniture, stained glass, and harness.

Tremendous efforts on the part of a large number of people and innumerable petitions ended in the respite of George Davies, the younger of the Crewe murderers, whose sentence has been changed to penal servitude for life. But Mr. Matthews proved inexorable as to Richard Davies, who was executed on Tuesday morning in Knutsford Jail, Berry being the hangman. Just before his death the unhappy youth reiterated his assertion that his brother had actually committed the murder, and that he, Richard, had never the axe in his hand.

Before leaving London on Saturday for Weybridge (where he is the guest of Admiral Egerton) Mr. Gladstone received an address from the Liberal conveners of the twenty-nine parishes of Midlothian, congratulating him on the tenth anniversary of his election for the county in 1880.

Good Friday was, as regards weather, a perfect public holiday; but Easter Monday was not quite so favourable. Rain fell in the morning, and during the afternoon showers alternated with sunshine. The most popular place with pleasure-seekers was the Crystal Palace, which was visited by no fewer than 82,439 persons; 23,442 people went to the Zoo, 20,161 to the South Kensington Museum, 12,824 to the British Museum, 10,426 to the Tower, 18,170 to Madame Tussaud's, and 6800 to Windsor Castle. There were large contingents also at Hampstead Heath, the Welsh Harp, Hendon; Greenwich Park, Blackheath, and other open spaces around the metropolis. The numerous houses of amusement in London were crowded at the morning and evening performances.

Between five and six thousand carpenters of Chicago are out on strike. They demand an eight-hours day and forty cents (1s. 8d.) per hour. The present rate of pay is thirty-five cents an hour, and they work ten hours a day. Building operations are practically suspended throughout the city.

It is stated that the Vicar Pichler, preaching at Easter in the cathedral of St. Paul, Passau, denounced the present moral condition of the ladies of the old Bavarian city, which he described to be "as loose as it could be." He accused the ladies of prodigality, vanity, and adultery, and a most exciting scene ensued in the cathedral. Many ladies screamed, others fainted, and several left the church, passionately protesting against the way they had been insulted. Actions for libel are to be brought against the Vicar.

The Russian Government has again incensed the University students at St. Petersburg, where many lively remonstrants have been placed under arrest. A well-informed St. Petersburg correspondent says the so-called University Statutes, which were elaborated and introduced by the Minister of Public Instruction, M. Delianoff, according to formal orders given by Count Tolstoi, have produced the regrettable effects which we are witnessing just now at all the Russian Universities and High Schools. Another series of reactionary measures was, as is known, enacted, abolishing, or at least restricting, the somewhat liberal privileges which had been granted to the peasants by the late Emperor. Count Tolstoi's reactionary "reforms" were introduced only in six provinces, and the effect has been as foreseen. The discontent is great everywhere in the six provinces, and already several unpleasant occurrences have taken place. Most probably the Czar will shortly find it advisable to modify Count Tolstoi's "reforms."

Russian Nihilism's foremost literary apostle, "Stepniak," has presented us with a powerful description in "Underground Russia" of the unhappy conditions of life in that autocratic Empire. There are reports that the Emperor's life had again been threatened by a Nihilist officer; and it appears to an Englishman inconceivable why the Czar does not end the reign of terror under which it is his misfortune to live by resolving to surround himself with the bulwark of a free nation under a liberal parliamentary constitution in lieu of personal rule. As the best commentary on the Nihilist Illustrations we publish this week, read the interesting works of "Stepniak," the Russian Nihilist who has long made England his home.

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CUT OUT THIS.
CUT OUT THIS.
CUT OUT THIS

THE WORLD OF PASTIME

One is accustomed to hear of large crowds at football matches in the North of England, and the three-quarters race or twice in a season reach as much as 20,000, but the Glaswegians hold the record. On Saturday last they assembled some

30,000 Strong

at Hampden Park to witness the match England v. Scotland at the Association game. The authorities knew what they were about in holding the Association match at Glasgow and the Rugby one at Edinburgh, these cities being the Scottish strongholds of the two games respectively.

The hold that football has upon the Scotchman is

Something Wonderful.

I remember watching a cricket-match in Edinburgh between one of the season for that game. It was quite a public match, there being nothing but open ground round the field, which had the road on three sides of it, but there were not a hundred people looking on. As I left the cricket-match I met a

Continuous Stream

of people evidently returning from some function, which I learned was the first football-match of the season. Some thousands preferred paying to see actual witnessing cricket for nothing.

At the Association game the Scotsmen have secured a long lead in the series of matches with England, having won eleven matches to our three. Out of the hundreds of fine players to select from in Scotland it could have been no easy thing to put an eleven in the field without doing injustice to a large number. The committee eventually selected six members of the celebrated Corinthians, four professionals. W. R. Moon and the Brothers T. M. and A. M. Walters were awarded the

Posts of Honour

on account of goal and backs. The huge crowd was kept very well provided for, and before play began came up to the touch and goal lines, and at times during this match actually encroached upon the field of play. Occasionally the stoppages were due to its enormous size, and not to any want of fair play. A stubborn match ended in a draw.

At Leyton there was, for London, a very large crowd to witness the final tie in the London Charity Cup between Royal Arsenal and the Old Westminsters, this being one of the

Four Cup Competitions

in which the Woolwich men reached the final. The Old Westminsters, it will be remembered, beat them for the London Cup by a goal to nothing; but this time Royal Arsenal had their revenge, winning by five goals to one.

The Yorkshire Challenge Cup for Rugby Union clubs was decided on the same day, Huddersfield beating Wakefield Trinity by a goal and a minor scored to nothing. I understand that it is the intention of the Yorkshire authorities to

Do Away

with the counting of minor points in this competition, and, in consideration of the regulation leading to much bad play, in the shape of reckless kicking over an opponent's line to make them touch down. The idea was introduced solely to prevent drawn matches; but, as a matter of fact, very few—and especially between the best clubs—are decided by a majority of minor points.

The Kingsdale Harriers held a successful athletic meeting at Tufnell Park. One of the races on the programme was a Novices' Half-Mile Handicap, and for this the huge entry of

270

had been received. Heats were, of course, resorted to, and the final was won by W. J. Fowler, of the Finchley Harriers, who, from the 25 yards' mark, ran the distance in 1 min. 57 4-5 sec.—not bad for a novice, one would be inclined to remark; but it must be noted that the term "novice" implied only a novice at this particular distance, for so well-known a runner as the Steeplechase champion, was at scratch in the Quarter-Miler won by Sir C. L. Ross, of Eton and the Hunter, who had six yards start; and the Hunter, won by J. Jackson, Finchley Harriers. For this race and the sprint the first prizes were

Gold Watches.

Pollock-Hill, the Oxford University miler, being good for 80, competed in the open-level mile race of the Kingsdale Harriers on Saturday, his opponents being Fairbairn, H. Whittick, and W. H. Morton. The distance was, of course, too short for Morton, and he was outpaced, and

Pollock-Hill

was too good for the others, winning by fifteen yards from Whittick, a second win, L. Strood securing the handicap challenge cup connected with the two-mile ordinary bicycle race.

The St. James's Athletic Club

the members of which boast a capital gymnasium in the Aldersgate-road, Peckham) may be congratulated on the excellence of the parallel-bar exercises, and the fencing bouts at the second annual assault-at-arms, which drew a large number of visitors to the Cannon-street Hotel. On Saturday the Finchley Harriers held a handicap gathering at the Paddington Grounds, and the hundred yards, one of the

Overlooking the Winner,

although he won by a yard, giving the first prize to Mr. Nash, who was third. To those who have never seen judging such a blunder must appear incredible, but in reality, a novice at the work is apt to be entirely to lose sight of the runner next him on the track, his attention being entirely engrossed by the efforts of the man on the farther side. I have seen this mistake of entirely

Overlooking the Winner,

and remember one London A. C. Harrier myself engaged at Lillie-bridge. Judging from the second man was entirely ignored by the judges, and the fourth man received the third prize. That fourth man was

BANSHEE.

ADVERTISE.—CADBURY'S COCOA is absolutely pure, and a concentrated form, admirable nutritive, delicious quality, strength, and staying power.—

THE RACING WORLD

One can hardly believe that we are on the eve of Newmarket's commencement, and that two weeks can have slipped away so fast since Lincoln's Trial Plate was run. So far, public form on the flat has not been of very much use, while as for private trials never have these untrustworthy guides worked out so badly. To tell no more than the truth, the early stages of the 1890 campaign have been as disastrous to backers as the back-end meetings frequently prove—a state of things all the more noteworthy, because National Hunt form was, generally speaking, true, and proved to be so in race after race.

Let us hope for better days at Newmarket Craven Meeting, which will be a sort of

Restful Interval,

after the rush and bustle of the so-called holiday Easter week. Forty-four meetings we have had between Bank Holiday and Saturday. The wonder is how we manage to find horses and riders, and officials and bookmakers, and spectators and backers. However, it is done, it is done somehow, and all round the attendances were excellent. As to Kempton Park on Monday, the concourse within its boundaries made a quite

Imposing Spectacle.

Never before have I seen so many people at a gate-money meeting. I hope that they all got home, but how it was to be managed was not readily guessable. All the roads leading to Sunbury from London were thronged with vehicles in quite Derby Day fashion, while the rush for the trains was tremendous. Manchester shareholders had an equally profitable time. Apart from the Bank holiday this was a very special occasion, as to a great extent the Grand National Steeplechase horses were fighting their Liverpool battle over again at New Barns. Not only were the pick of the Aintree field, including Ilex, the winner, Pan, the second, Why Not, one of the favourites, Frigate, another greatly fancied, Battle Royal, Hettie, Baccy, all engaged and on the spot to run, but they were opposed by fresh new competitors, most formidable of whom was Royal Meath, who, according to the Irishmen,

Would Avenge Ireland

for the defeat of her horses by the Saxon George Masterman, who turned their own weapon against them, and took the big prize with one of their breeding. Royal Meath was unlucky. Mr. Harry Beasley had virtually won the Manchester thousand sovereigns when at the last hurdle, but by bad luck his horse tripped, fell, and left Why Not and Ilex to fight out the finish. Ilex had most speed, and beat Why Not by a length and a half, to the delight of the crowd.

All sportsmen heard with deep regret of the death of General Goodlake, a Crimean Victoria Cross veteran who was popular with every class. For long known as Colonel Goodlake among a wide circle, the good-hearted, plucky officer was almost invariably addressed by his associates as Jerry, a not elegant abbreviation of his Christian name Gerald. Nothing came amiss to him—horse-racing, coursing, steeplechasing, boxing, fighting, swimming, rowing, pedestrianism, shooting, or fishing. He was good at all branches of sport and athletics, and a generous supporter of professionals of all sorts. Everyone was allowed to be familiar with him—no one ever dreamed of taking a liberty on the strength of his good-fellowship. I am sorry to say that for the last few years he suffered greatly, though he bore up with splendid pluck against an incurable disease, and willingly endured a terrible operation which, though for a long time it gave relief, could not save him.

Pony and Galloway racing hardly had a fair show at Hurst Park last Saturday, because the fixture clashed with Windsor; and though racing among the little thoroughbreds may become popularised, it is not likely to interfere with Jockey Club sport. If Windsor had not been on at the same time the attendance at Molesey would have been far greater. Judging by the results, Galloway races

Want a Lot of Winning.

A whole lot of thoroughbreds, drafted from ordinary racing stables, were engaged at Hurst Park, but did no good against older hands at the business. Strange as it may seem to say of horses who have been holding their own under Jockey Club rules against bigger competitors the recruits could not go the pace. It appears to be customary with Galloways to go from end to end. They run a mile pretty much as our regular racers do five furlongs—that is to say, from end to end.

Scant attention is being paid to the City and Suburban. Long strings of quotations appear, but these represent offers rather than deals, and speculation on the event is little more than nominal. Backers were rather discouraged by the withdrawal of early fancies. Now they are caused uneasiness by rumours that Minthe is amiss. They are by no means certain that Pioneer will run; and, though Quartus is reported to be a genuine candidate, his stable have

Bitten the Public

so often that they will be shy of Quartus until they see his number go up. At present the only one in the race I care to recommend is

Theophilus,

who will probably be my final selection. He belongs to a most excellent sportsman, and we know from Theosophist's form at Liverpool that the other Theo must have a very great chance.

Le Nord is so well backed for the Derby that bookmakers are a little more liberal in offers against Surefoot. The favourite is all right, but may go out still more because so many others are fancied. Among those at longish odds I may quote St. Serf, who is coming on very satisfactorily.

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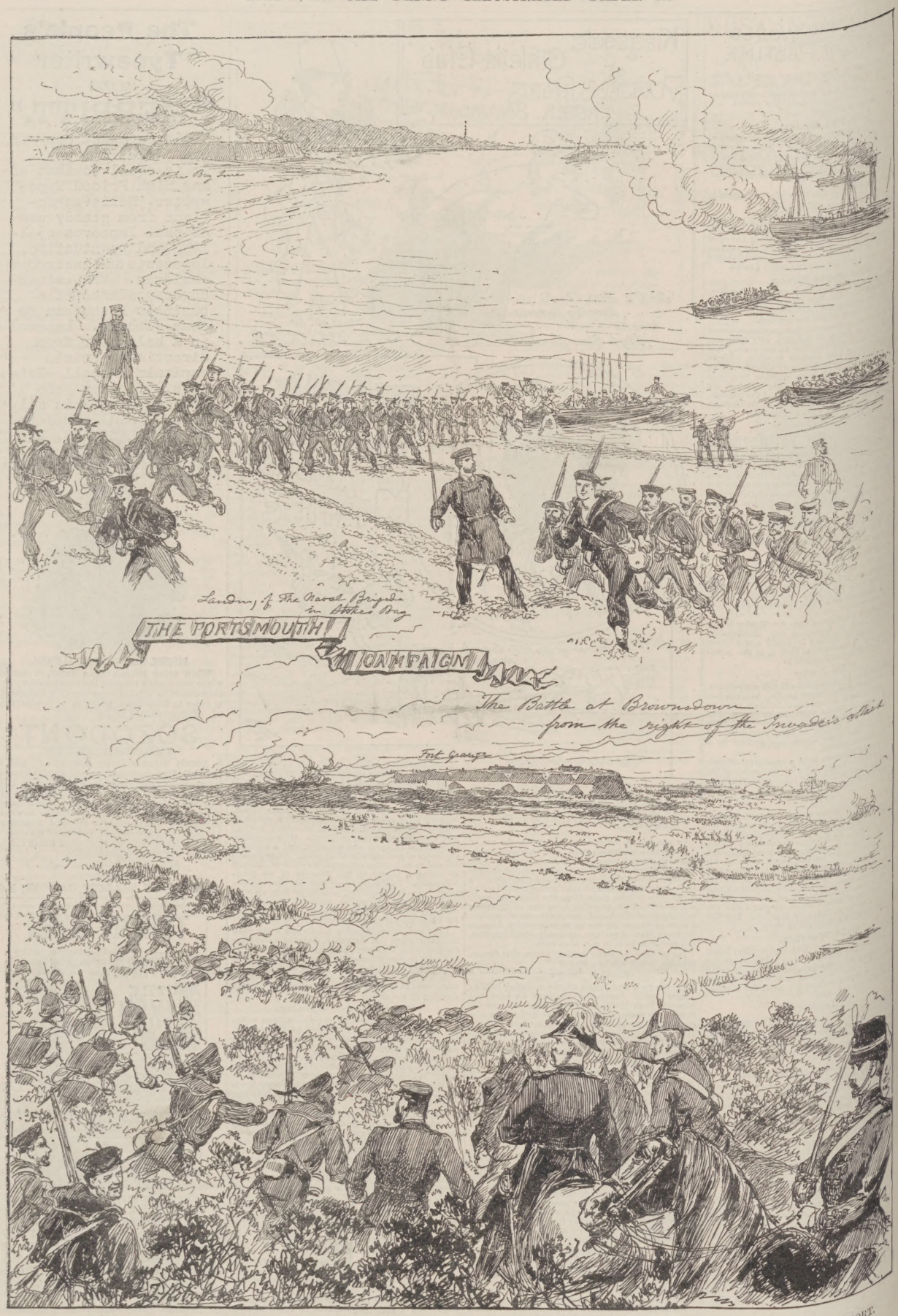


THE MOST NOVEL EASTER MONDAY SHAM FIGHT: JACK TARS FIGHTING SHOULDER TO SHOULDER WITH VOLUNTEERS AT GOSPORT.

"Best Stick to your Last, Ben!"

THE SHOEMAKER'S BEST COUNSELLOR: HIS WIFE.

The World of Women

A PRETTY SPRING BONNET.

We had some talk last week upon "Women's Rights," and, since I wrote, I have been living in an atmosphere of speeches, discussions, conversations, and laying down of the law generally upon the all-important subject of the

Enfranchisement of Women.

I think it would be an excellent thing if we could arrive at the opinion of the majority of women upon the subject. How is it to be done? We find from forty to fifty, or even sixty, women seated side by side in the drawing-room of a pretty house, or even if we find a large number in a

Public Hall.

Such a gathering is a picked gathering, so to speak. Those who do not hold with the objects of the meeting stay away; those who come listen and applaud, and hold up their hands when the resolution is put to the meeting; but are we any the wiser as to the direction taken by opinion outside? Not one whit! My own opinion is, but I may be quite wrong, that the

Majority of Women

do not want the Franchise, or even the power to vote; and, until we can arrive at the opinion of the majority, it is of no use to assert that all women desire to be enfranchised. I have been at several drawing-room meetings since I wrote last; they were interesting, if a trifle monotonous; but, then, if they had all been about

Soup Kitchens

or rational dress, or any one subject you like to name, they would have been monotonous too. One virtue these clever advanced women do not possess, and that is the virtue of punctuality. Not one of the Women's Franchise League meetings which I attended began at the hour named. Sometimes it was the fault of the

Audience,

but at the last Drawingroom meeting, held at the house of the celebrated Mrs. Mona Caird, the principal speakers were an hour behind time. It is a very old and very well-known saying, that "Punctuality is the politeness of kings"; but it is just possible, however, that our clever advanced women would rather not imitate a

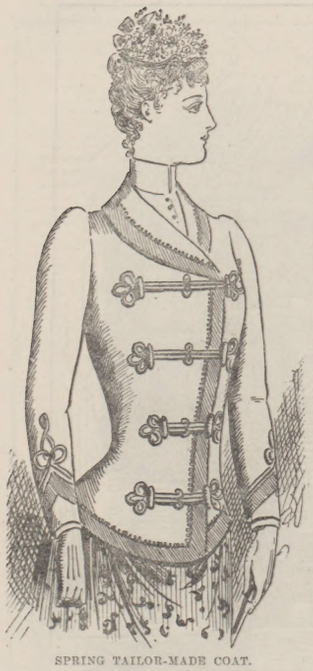
Crowned Head

in anything; but punctuality is a virtue no leader or promoters of a movement can afford to be without; and I hope next time meetings are held the speakers will make it a point to be up to time. A great many of those who come to listen may possibly be idle women; but some there are who cannot afford to lose an hour or more several times in one week. Some of you who have heard of Mrs. Caird, or who have read her famous articles on

Marriage,

would perhaps like to know what sort of looking woman she is. Well, then, she is decidedly a pretty

THE NEW THEATRE, RICHMOND, OPENED ON EASTER MONDAY.



SPRING TAILOR-MADE COAT.

woman, with dark bright eyes and hair, and a rich brunette complexion. Her head is small, well shaped, and prettily set on her shoulders. She does not look in the very least

Strong-minded,

or as if she could attack anyone or anything; and when, in consequence of the unpunctuality before-mentioned, she had to take the chair, and address a few words to the meeting, she blushed up like a shy girl, and looked very sweet and charming. In short, she is too pretty to be a

Reformer!

Many of my readers will, I am afraid, put me down as a very lukewarm advocate of the rights of my sex, but I am not really so, for if I could but make up my mind that the "rights" so loudly demanded were really likely to benefit women I should quickly enough take a side. For good or for evil, nature has endowed me with the

Faculty,

not very common in women, of seeing more than oneside to a question; therefore, as the question of the enfranchisement of women has decidedly more than one side, I elect to wait and watch instead of taking an active part in the movement. Personally, I have no desire to be enfranchised. As long as the Government of the country is carried on by party, not principle, I should decline to have anything to do with it.

And now, as winter is supposed to be over, let us turn from

Our Rights to Our Clothes,

and, for one woman interested in the former, I fear there are at least fifty interested in the latter! The very high collar so much worn during the winter to protect the back of the neck will, I hear, disappear as the summer advances.

Double-Breasted

jackets will be worn; and one of the favourite shades for cloth dresses for spring is tobacco-colour; it is really one of the many shades of biscuit brown; and when trimmed with black, or a darker shade of its own tint, it looks very well. I mentioned a week or two ago that

High Velvet Sleeves

were very fashionable; but it is well to remember that people who have short necks do not look well in very high sleeves. They make the figure look rather thick and clumsy. The colours that seem to be popular just at present are a peculiar shade of heliotrope worn like the old

Peach Blossom

than any we have had yet, and a new tone in the old rose-pink. Both these colours are pretty, and, for the most part, becoming. Bonnets will be very small and flowery this season. Very economical, too, for any skilful girl can arrange flowers on a shape, and the shapes can be bought in any shop for a small sum.

The Fashions Sketches

reproduced from that deservedly popular paper the *Lady's Pictorial* now claim a few words. One of the least expensive of the good millinery firms in town is that of Messrs. D. H. Evans and Co., Oxford-street. It is one of Messrs. Evans's neatest bonnets that forms the subject of the first sketch. This is a small grey bonnet, the sides formed of folds of velvet drawn up into loops in front, with a black lace butterfly at one side, and some black upstanding ospreys between the loops. The back is of grey fancy satin straw, and upon it is placed a bow of narrow black velvet, whence strings are carried to the front.

The Tailor-Made Coat

is one of the triumphs of Messrs. Doré, the famous firm of ladies' tailors. It is a smart short coat of black rough-surfaced cheviot cloth. The braiding, in semi-military style, is done with braids of two widths, the front being frogged across with Austrian knots in military cords with barrel fastenings. Cuffs are also finished in military fashion; and the rather deep collar is turned down all the way round. The whole is crowned, it will be observed, by one of the flower-decked bonnets which are so much in vogue this spring.

MARGUERITE.

Though you:—
Rub! Rub! Rub!
And you:—
Scrub! Scrub! Scrub!
You'll find that
It's not in your power
In the old-fashioned way
To do in a day
What HUDSON'S
Will do in an hour.
Linen, Shirts, Collars, Sheets, Table-Cloths, &c., keep a good colour if washed regularly with HUDSON'S EXTRACT OF SOAP.—A pure, dry Soap in fine powder. Hudson's leaves no smell.—[ADVT.]

CYCLE & CAMERA

HAVE you had a pleasant Easter tour? I am just off for mine—to the Continent, I hope, though I am not sure if I shall get so far. If I come across any cycling novelty, or see anything of interest to cyclists, I will report it here.

April 12 does not seem to me the happiest date for the special general C.T.C. meeting called for the purpose of confirming the resolutions passed at the Birmingham meeting. Those who have been off for the holidays will scarcely feel like starting out again at once on a new journey. It is to be held at the St. James's Hotel, Derby, and, if it is to be considered truly representative, it is hoped that more than 200 members will be present. Interest in club affairs, however, is apparently limited to the merest few. The more enthusiastic are making new suggestions as to the management of the club, for, despite the opposition to the Board of Control, it seems to be realised that some changes in the present management are desirable. The formation of County Councils has been suggested. I see in this month's *Gazette* a letter from Mr. Henry F. Cotterell, of Bristol, setting forth a very elaborate scheme: County Councils to meet monthly, Divisional or District Councils meeting quarterly, and the Supreme Council to meet once or twice a year, this Council being divided into several working Committees. He also advocates moving the offices to some Midland town, which would be a great piece of folly. It might prove a convenience to a few members, but in all these late disputes the fact that the club is supposed to be an international, and not a mere English, organisation has been apparently lost sight of. What will come of it all is impossible to predict, owing to the want of interest among members whom nothing will rouse into activity.

I also see by the *Gazette* that the new Handbook was ready in time for Easter. But it looks as if we should still have to wait many a long day for the "C.T.C. Road-Book" which the council have in hand. Another official matter to which the attention of all cyclists should be called is the letter from the committee who have in charge the Foreign Customs question, and who ask that all those who have toured on the Continent will report to them any difficulties they may have experienced in Custom houses and frontier stations with regard to the duty on machines. The members of this important committee are Messrs. C. K. Brooke, J. S. Whatton, S. A. Stead, and J. Pennell: and they are doing good work in the cause of all cycling tourists.

At the last N.C.U. meeting there was a lively time over Mr. Letchford and the N.C.U. Championships. As I predicted some weeks ago, this very new departure on the part of the executive of the Union could not but give rise to a good deal of talk; and the talk at the meeting was plain enough. The paragraph in the report dealing with the matter was almost unanimously referred back to the executive. But it seems that the arrangement is legally binding, and Mr. Letchford declared that on this understanding he had already done much work for this year's championships, and, as far as he was concerned, was going to stick to the agreement. There is absolutely no reason why he or any other man should work for nothing, and the management of the championships is no light or easy matter. But, as Mr. Hecht said at the meeting, it seems as if the days of honorary work for the Union have gone!

Whether the carrying of the reorganisation scheme by the same body will be of very great practical benefit to the Union is rather an interesting question. The answer to which only time can bring, may prove useful to the Cyclists' Touring Club. For this scheme divides the kingdom into local centres, which are to have full executive, but not legislative, powers within their own radius, subject to appeal to the general committee, and which will really be on the N.C.U. very much what it has been proposed to make the lately suggested County Councils to the C.T.C. In both organisations the necessity of a change of some kind in the general management has been very keenly felt.

N. C. U.

MR. BAIRD'S LITTLE PARTY.

A *P.I.P.* ARTIST chanced to be in Marlborough-street Police-Court on April 2, when the following comedy in course of performance for some weeks before worthy Mr. Hannay was brought to a close. This peculiar case strikingly showed that there yet exist in our midst lively spirits of the old "Tom and Jerry" order. It may be of interest, accordingly, to study the features of Mr. Baird and his little party, as limned by our artistic Lavater.

In the language of the police reporter, Charles Mitchell, aged twenty-eight, the well-known pugilist, was charged on remand with assaulting William Goode, the prize-fighter, and Mr. Arthur Cockburn, in Mr. "Abington" Baird's house, 3, John-street, Berkeley-square.

Mr. Baird himself deposed that on the night in question he invited Hannam, Hodgson, Cockburn, Mitchell to his house. The others Cockburn and Goode—forced their way past the servant and entered. The witness left Cockburn in the bed-room, and saw Goode and Mitchell. The latter said to the prosecutor, "You are a coward, you hit me twice unawares." The witness went down the stairs with Mitchell, preceded by Goode, who rushed into the dining-room and brought out a poker. He struck at Mitchell twice with the poker, bending it over his arm. The defendant had nothing in his hands. He was certainly the peacemaker of the night.

Mr. Hannay: What happened after that Mr. Baird? — Mitchell took the poker from Goode and threw it on the floor. He then punched the prosecutor in the eye. Goode and Cockburn then left the house. The former breaking the railings by rattling it on the railings. He was trying to make a policeman's rattle of it.

Mr. Hannay: Well, now about the wounds on your head? — I should think he caught his head on the railings, which are of iron. There are one or two sharp projections.

Maggie Lesk, housekeeper in the employment of Mr. Baird, corroborated her master.

Mr. Hannay said, having now heard both sides, he must come to the conclusion that it would be useless to send the case for trial. At first it appeared that the injuries to Goode's head must have been caused by a poker, but the prosecutor's evidence was not corroborated, while, on the other hand, witnesses had sworn that Mitchell had nothing to do with the poker, and that there were indications on the staircase that Goode might have struck himself. The defendant would be discharged.

"TOM AND JERRY" REVIVED: MR. BAIRD'S LITTLE PARTY AT MARLBOROUGH-STREET POLICE-COURT.

BOOK LOVERS' GOSSIP.

Our Old Friend Pickwick.

A [illegible] wanted a good edition of Charles [illegible] not too expensive. Here it is at [illegible] shape of the *crown edition*, as it is ex- [illegible] called, for the volumes cost five shillings [illegible] opens with "Pickwick," and I am thus [illegible] again to make acquaintance with an old [illegible] I never weary with many old friends? for, [illegible] first worthy Mr. Pickwick and his adven- [illegible] without keen enjoyment that we [illegible] the memories of Mr. Tracy Tupman, of Mr. [illegible] Mr. Winkle, and the ever-ready Jingle. [illegible] they told us years ago—that "Pick- [illegible] and Pepys" but that neither that nor any other [illegible] works will continue to be read. Well, [illegible] laugh as heartily now over Sam Weller and [illegible] as our fathers did. An author who has [illegible] a story of fame behind him, and who is still [illegible] streets in penny issues of his works, is [illegible].

"Nicholas Nickleby."

But I have not yet done with my *crown edition*, as [illegible] Chapman and Hall have followed up "Pick- [illegible] with "Nicholas Nickleby." And here I recall [illegible] with Crummles and Squeers and [illegible] Cheeryble to the fore. There have [illegible] people to vindicate the character [illegible] but we are as little concerned [illegible] as we are with Charlotte [illegible]—Mr. Brocklehurst. For- [illegible] or not. Yet perhaps there are still [illegible] Brocklehursts now. [illegible] the school tyranny at which "Nicholas [illegible] destined to strike a formidable blow.

The Portrait of Charles Dickens

[illegible] tells me a faithful likeness of the great [illegible] appeared on the platform of St. [illegible] on the memorable occasion of his last [illegible], March 15, 1870, when he read, with [illegible] and expressiveness, his "Christmas [illegible] scene from "Pickwick." [illegible] closed his farewell speech with the [illegible] one garish lights I vanish now for [illegible] heartfelt, grateful, respectful, [illegible]—inexpressibly touching, [illegible] how soon after it was [illegible] June 9, 1870.

"Lyrical Ballads."

[illegible] hundred years ago there were two young [illegible] a holiday in North Devon, just as [illegible] many young men since with similar [illegible]. Now, however, decided to write [illegible] I know a number of young men [illegible] the money they ought to have devoted [illegible] publishing poems, but never surely [illegible] young men make poetry pay for [illegible], then, the poems were "Lyrical [illegible]" poets were Wordsworth and Cole-

CHARLES DICKENS'S LAST PUBLIC READING AT ST. JAMES'S HALL.

ridge. Coleridge wrote the "Rime of the Ancyent Mariuere," "The Foster-Mother's Tale," "The Nightingale and The Dungeon," and Wordsworth contributed "Tintern Abbey" and the rest. The little volume was published in 1798, and it has rightly been described as an epoch-making book. It took poetry out of its conventional ruts, and brought nature-worship and humane sympathies to the front. It is not strange, therefore, that

Professor Dowden,

most clear-sighted of critics, should have edited a reprint (David Nutt, 7s. 6d.) of the little volume in the precise type in which Cottle of Bristol first published it. Lovers of Wordsworth who have not been so fortunate as the present writer, and have not picked up a real original "Lyrical Ballads" in the "fourpenny box" of which I wrote last week, will be glad to have the reprint.

Robert Browning Again.

Writing of Wordsworth reminds me that there are some interesting reminiscences of the Bard of Rydal in the new "Life of Browning," which has just been written by Mr. William Sharp in the "Great Writers' Series" (Walter Scott, 1s.) Mr. Sharp has collected a number of new and hitherto unpublished facts, and also many letters by the poet. He evidently knew Browning, and so his book is singularly interesting. TATLER.

If a recent pamphlet, which has created much sensation, is to be believed, the Emperor William is in real earnest. It is now attributed by some to Dr. Hinzpeter, the Emperor's former tutor. If it is not a forgery, it looks as if the Emperor William might become as Liberal as his father. The chief items of his policy are sketched as follows: The foreign policy of Germany is to remain intact, and in Colonial politics the example of England in India is to be imitated. In home politics universal suffrage, with secrecy of the ballot, is to be extended from the Reichstag elections to those for the Diets of the several States. A progressive income tax and succession duties are to be introduced, and the tax on Stock Exchange transactions is to be increased. A Customs Union with Austria is to be aimed at, and in the army two years' service is to be introduced and universal disarmament is to be proposed. As regards labour questions a maximum day's work and a minimum of wages is to be fixed, a system of profit-sharing is to be introduced, Labour Chambers and an Imperial Workmen's Central Office (Reichsarbeitsamt) are to be created. Sunday labour is to be prohibited, and the work of women and children is to be limited, and the combinations of employers are to be put a stop to.

COULDN'T RESIST THE CHANCE.

"You find authors occasionally despondent from continuous rejection of manuscripts?"

"Yes. Once a poor fellow who had pestered me with stories at the rate of a hundred a year for five years unsuccessfully came to me and said, 'This is my last attempt. If I fail this time I'll jump into the river.'"

"By Jove! How was the story?"

"First rate. The best he 'd done."

"And he was consoled?"

"No. I remembered what a blanked nuisance the fellow had been, and—well, he jumped into the river."

RAILWAYS AND RAILWAY MEN.

At about nine o'clock on the evening of Oct. 29, 1873, a terrible flood washed away a portion of a high embankment on the Chicago and North-Western Railway in the United States, leaving the skeleton of the track hanging over an abyss ten rods in width, with the torrent pouring through the gap beneath it. The accident occurred on a lonely part of the line about one mile from a little station called Interville. But one more train should pass [illegible] morning—namely, the express bound [illegible] due at 12.14 a.m., not scheduled to stop [illegible]. The station-master learned of the [illegible] at 11.45. He had just half an hour [illegible] to the farther side of the gap with his [illegible] to warn the coming express. But Peter [illegible] was the man for an emergency, and he [illegible] there. He would have telegraphed, but [illegible] were down. The rain fell heavily, [illegible] Black was soon soaked to the skin. Hour [illegible] passed. The express did not come. [illegible] blustered, half confused with the storm and [illegible] wind. Just at daylight he heard the [illegible] he signalled the engineer, and saved the [illegible] from instant destruction. Dazed and [illegible], he was taken on board, with the [illegible] an illness from which he never re- [illegible]. The passengers gave him a large sum [illegible] money, and the company pensioned him for [illegible]. Ten years later he died from the effects [illegible] that one night's heroic exertion and ex- [illegible]. We cite a less tragic case, nearer [illegible], with a happier ending.

Joseph Robinson, now living at No. 14, Ainsworth-street, Ardwick, Manchester, has been in the employ of the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway for forty-three years. With accidents he has seen, and what hair-breadth escapes he has experienced, we may well imagine. But these are not the worst risks on well-managed lines. Up to a time, now some thirteen years ago, Robinson had been a strong, healthy man. Then, as he says, he "commenced to feel badly." There did not seem to be much wrong at first: it was a tired, weary, sinking feeling that crept gradually over him. There was a troublesome palpitation of the stomach, he was "always yawning," had a bad taste in the mouth, expectorated a great deal of phlegm, and often had to go into the yard to vomit. He went to his club doctor (the late Dr. Fletcher), who gave the ailment a definite name.

From this point it will be better to let Mr. Robinson tell his rather startling story in his own way, only premising that all his statements will bear the closest investigation. He says: "Dr. Fletcher gave me a great lot of physic. I took so much that he gave it to me in large champagne bottles, but I got worse, and through the railway company's doctor I was admitted to the Manchester Infirmary, where one physician told me I was suffering from the 'Shivering Ague.' The other doctors also examined me, and seemed puzzled by my case. The nurse said, 'Robinson, yours is the most extraordinary case that we ever had here,' and so much interest was taken in it that physicians came from London especially to see me, and it was made the subject of lectures over and over again at Owens College, before the medical students. One night while I was in the infirmary the medical gentlemen held a consultation, at which I heard them say that the 'pores of my skin were choked,' and the only chance for me was to get me to sweat freely. At that time my skin was dry, yellow, and hot, and one of my legs was so badly affected that they talked of taking it off. Two attempts at exciting perspiration by means of the steam-bath utterly failed, and then a drug was fetched from London that made the sweat roll off me like rain, and I felt a little better. I was in the infirmary seven weeks, and then went to the Convalescent Hospital at Cheadle, but came out weak and good for nothing. At the house of a prominent physician in Oxford-street I was examined by a roomful of doctors, who said I was suffering from an obscure and intractable kind of ague.

"About this time Inspector Rippon, traffic inspector of our line, seeing me so bad, told me about a medicine called 'Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup,' and said he thought it would cure me. I said, 'No, it won't; nothing can do it,' but he urged it upon me, and so I gave up the doctors and tried it. How I bless the day! *Since then I have never looked behind me.* I did not get better all at once, as my case was so hopeless; but by degrees I became stronger, and now I can eat heartily, and nothing disagrees with me. If I had taken this remedy at first, I should have been saved endless misery. Since I have got to be my own man again I have commended it to a great number of people, and it has never failed in a single case. I remember having a chat with some platelayers about Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and one of them said it had saved his poor old wife's life."

Mr. Robinson is now a man of fifty-eight years of age, and is able to be on duty daily as a guard on the railway. His complaint was indigestion and dyspepsia, the shivering, aguish symptoms which perplexed the physicians having been caused by the poison from the corrupt, fermented food in his stomach entering the blood. This also caused the symptoms in the leg on account of which the medical men talked of amputation. When Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup had destroyed the cause, all the results disappeared as a matter of course. Mr. Robinson will gladly answer any letters that may be addressed to him, as above.

SCILLY.

We have the pleasure and privilege of commencing a new serial romance by Mr. Walter Besant in this week's Number; and, as the scene of this popular writer's picturesque and engrossing story opens in the Scilly Isles, presenting us with a charmingly fresh heroine in "Armorel of Lyonesse," we seize the opportunity to make our readers acquainted with that little-known group of islands by means of a series of Drawings.

A steam-boat trip of four hours from Penzance, well out into the Atlantic, where the big waves of the ocean roll into the narrow British seas, with the warm current of the Gulf Stream and the soft airs of a semi-tropical clime, though often roused to violence, in the winter season, by tempestuous disturbance, brings the summer voyager to the curious Scilly Isles, which have a King of their own, according to recent revelations in Parliament. That Scilly is a delightful winter resort has lately been brought home to us in sprightly style by that lively writer Mr. Geo. R. Sims, in the "Dagonet" columns of the *Referee*.

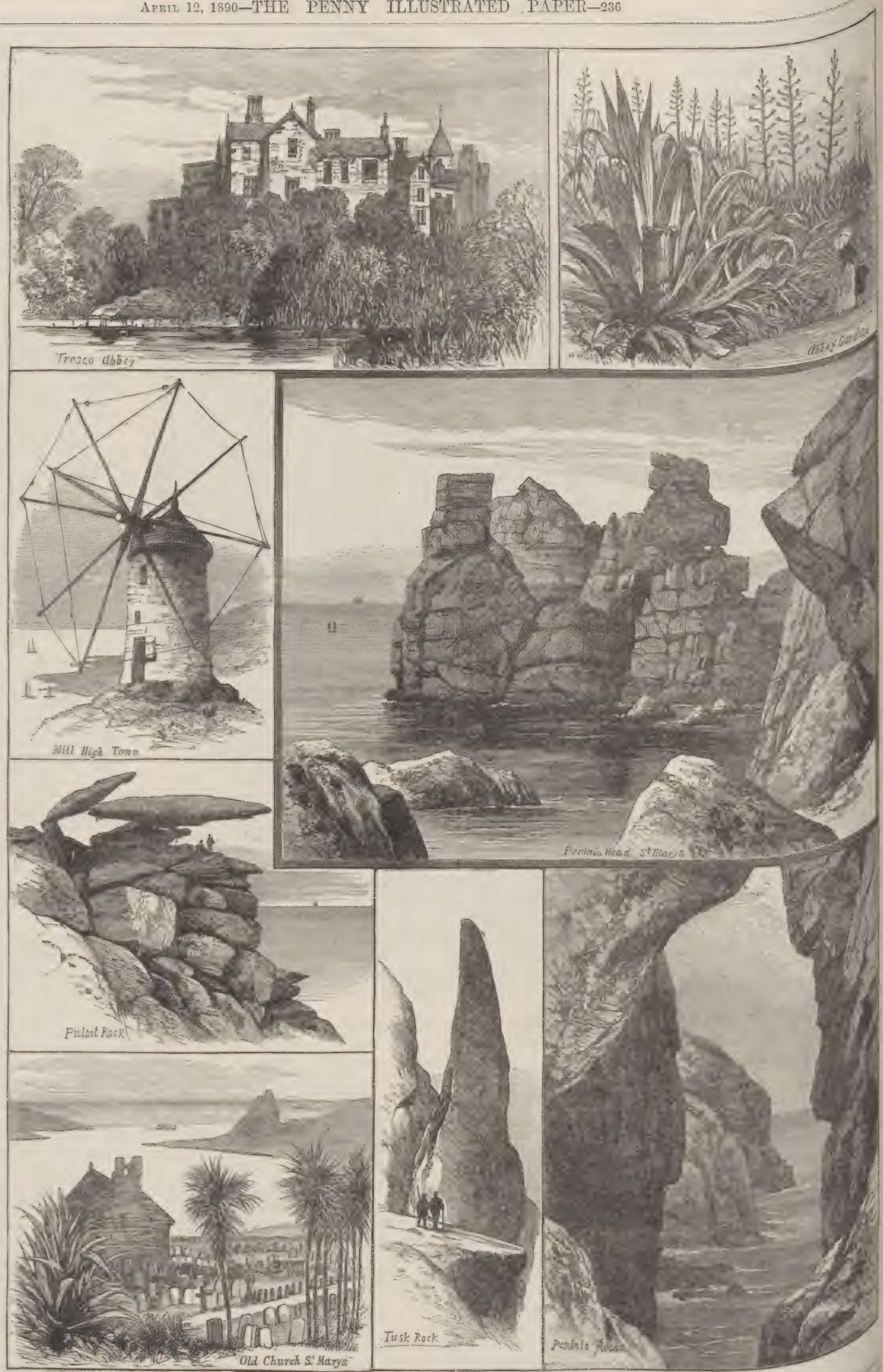
These British Hesperides may possibly, in some prehistoric age, have been productive of gold, but it is more certain that they yielded tin, like the nearest shore of Cornwall, to Phœnicians and other ancients, sailing northward from Gades, in quest of metallic treasure. No tin-mines are worked in Scilly now. No dragon is fabled to have kept guard here over the riches of the rocky ground, though within the realm of Uther Pendragon, a predecessor of famous King Arthur. In the tenth century of the Christian era, when the Norse Vikings gained possession of many coasts and islands, from the Shetlands and Orkneys, and in the Hebrides, the Isle of Man, and the Irish shores, they became masters also of the Scilly Isles. In later ages, this dominion was claimed for the Crown of England, but the French, Spanish, and other maritime nations often sent their ships to do what they pleased with Scilly.

Queen Elizabeth leased the territorial lordship of these isolated fragments of the Duchy of Cornwall to the Godolphin family, who surrendered it to the Crown in 1831. The late Mr. Augustus Smith then or soon afterwards became the local proprietor, with large manorial privileges, and did a great deal for the improvement of the islands, and for the industrial and social benefit of the people. His successor, Mr. Smith-Dorrien, of Tresco Abbey, Scilly, and of Berkhampstead, Herts, is now patron of this detached portion of the West of England.

A view of Tresco Abbey, or rather of the mansion which takes this name from the ruins of an old monastic building in the gardens here, once dedicated to St. Nicholas by monks from the greater Abbey of Tavistock, heads the page of Sketches; together with a glimpse of the luxuriant exotic vegetation in the gardens, where aloes and yuccas, bamboos and draccenas, as well as myrtles attain the stature of trees.

The larger island, St. Mary's, is only divided from Tresco by a strait two miles broad. It is larger; and the townsmen of the metropolitan city, which is called Hughtown, sometimes talk of "taking a walk into the country," whereas they might walk all round the shores in less than an hour. Still, several thousand people have space to dwell on the Scilly Isles. Besides Hughtown, which has a "principal street," with shops and hotels, shipbuilders' yards, the Star Fort, or Elizabeth Castle, built in 1593, and modern seaward batteries, this island has an ancient capital, which is called Old Town. The old church here is now used for the cemetery chapel, and is shown in one of our Sketches. On the windy hill of High Town is the conspicuous windmill, another object delineated by the Artist.

There are many little islands, St. Martin's, St. Agnes, and Bryher being inhabited, all lying within a circuit of thirty miles. Their soil produces scanty crops of barley and oats, potatoes, cabbages, and other vegetables; while the fishery and the coasting trade employ some hundreds of hands. The Bishop Rock Lighthouse, seven miles to the west, is a magnificent work of the Trinity House Corporation. Shipwrecks, with great losses of life, have frequently occurred among the dangerous reefs that lie submerged around these islands. The worst disaster in our time was that of the German emigrant-ship the S[illegible] in May 1875, when more than three hund[red] poor people were drowned. In 1707 four [ships] of Sir Cloudesley Shovel's squadron were [lost] with the Admiral and two thousand of his [men]. The Scilly Islands have a history of [great] maritime and political, the incidents [of] are not unworthy of study. The [natural] the geology and botany, of these isles [are] the scientific observer for learning [and] arities. A few days' holiday time [spent] wisely spent in Scilly pursuits and [enjoyment]



THE SCILLY ISLES, WHERE MR. WALTER BESANT'S NEW ROMANCE, "ARMOREL OF LYONESSE," BEGINS.

PRINCIPAL CITIES AND TOWNS OF ENGLAND.

LEEDS.—No. II.

BY A LEEDS RESIDENT.

Shrewsbury Leeds has throughout had a

Reputation for Loyalty.

"Pro rege, pro lege" is inscribed on its coat-of-arms, which has as supporters "hullarts," or owls, adopted in honour of Sir John Saville, who was the first Mayor of the town, and held the more prominent office in his day of Custodian to the Household of Charles I. By this monarch Leeds was made

A Staple Town,

but, because of imperfections in the Charter, he was petitioned for its revision in 1630. The manufacturers urged that cloth to the yearly value of £200,000 was made within the limits of the Corporation chiefly for export, and that the Corporation levied thereupon amounted to £10,000. All other incorporated town then made cloth, and their petitioners asked to be represented in Parliament by two burgesses, submitting that by reason of non-representation by experienced persons laws had been made much to the prejudice of the clothing trade in those parts. Charles set forth that by this manufacture "many" thousands of poor people — men, women, and children—were set on work, and many able-bodied men maintained in labour fit

LEEDS LIMNED: THE OLD PARISH CHURCH.

for his Majesty's service upon any occasion. The polite appendage as the first Charles could not withstand such a prayer, and for a dozen years the place continued its trade under the Royal sanction. The surest

Way to a Yorkshireman's Heart

is said to be through his pocket, and it is not surprising that the loyalty of the town had grown of that when, in 1642, he appeared at the head of the Parliamentarian forces. Medical and sanitary science was then in an exceedingly primitive state, and the town was not equally able to resist a plague which a couple of years later carried off 1335 persons, one fifth of the population. Another expression of loyalty was forthcoming on the advent of the second Charles. The resumption of regal sway brought with it, locally, political strife, for it is said that the Royalists, with insolent ostentation, began to domineer for municipal control, urging that authority had been possessed by persons of ill-conduct, and the wealthy scourged. A strong relief, and the Royalists were successful agitators were found in one of the leaders—Benjamin Wade—who had inscribed over the door of Kirkstall Grange, had inscribed over the north door "Where the poor receive their alms, there we arrive at an

Era of Picturesque Structures,

which, with one exception, still remain. These are the old Moot Hall, the Red Hall, Wade Hall, and the old shop fronting the Pack Horse Inn, Briggate, about all of which the ghosts of the past, if not the actual creatures of history, cluster. Briggate is the oldest and is still nearly the best business thoroughfare. At the brow of the hill it was originally blocked by the Moot hall, where the ancients met to "argify." The date of its erection is matter for conjecture. However, its Carolean origin may be reckoned from the fact that in 1710 a movement was set on foot to repair and alter the structure "for the conveniency of the reception of the West Riding Justices, who have agreed to keep the general Quarter Sessions for the West Riding here." This centre of local life was further adorned by the close proximity of the market cross, the pillory, and the stocks. How the Red Hall and Wade Hall would proudly bear aloft their many gables may be reckoned when it is remembered that, according to the Hearth Tax returns in 1663, of 174 inhabited houses sixty-two had but one hearth, fifty-four two hearths, and eighteen four hearths.

The Red Hall,

thus called because of its composition of red brick, as contrasting with the surrounding structures in stone, is now occupied by the legal firm of Newstead and Wilson, the latter the president of the recently formed Thoresby Society, and the Colonel of the local rifle corps. It has the distinction of having lodged the runaway Charles when, having betaken himself to the Scottish army at Newark in 1646, he had to pass through Leeds on his way to Newcastle. While hiding in the Red Hall the King is reported to have been beneficently assisted by John Harrison, who, as Deputy Mayor, is still remembered for his public spirit and philanthropy. He built the church of St. John, founded a hospital for poor widows, and was benefactor of the free grammar school. Harrison, it is said, obtained permission to present to his Majesty a tankard of excellent ale, but on opening the lid the King, instead of the nut-brown beverage, found the vessel filled with gold, which he incontinently contrived to secrete about his person. Another, perhaps no less fabulous, story is told of the visit. So much like a prisoner did the King seem to one of the servants that she entreated him to put on her clothes and make his escape, offering to conduct him in the dark through a back alley to a friend's house, whence he might get away to France—an offer, however, which the King politely declined. It was after the Restoration that

The First Postal Service

was instituted. Upon petition the King granted Royal authority to one James Dawson to carry letters between Leeds and Ferry-bridge. Dawson's father had been an owner of property which Fairfax destroyed during the siege of Leeds, and the son was permitted to start upon this service as recompense for these losses. Stage coaches were now introduced. Once a week there was a stage from London to Leeds, Wakefield, and Halifax, and the charge was forty shillings for the journey. The prosperity of the town enabled certain of the Upper Ten to set up their mansions away from the sound of the weaver's shuttle, and, like respectable people as they were, they fixed their new homes under the shadow of the parish church, and hemmed them about with gardens and crofts.

The Sale of Cloth

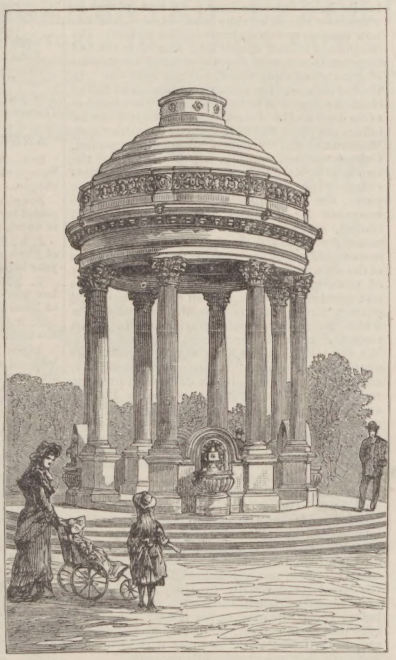
in Leeds has witnessed many changes. Street market, cloth hall, and private warehouse have all given place, in the existing era of railways, to sale through the medium of the commercial gentry known as Ambassadors of Commerce. Upon Leeds Bridge the town held its cloth market up to 1684. The weavers having, from near and far, brought their pieces either upon pack-horses, or, what was more general, acting as their own beasts of burthen, the cloth was placed upon the parapet of the bridge for the consideration of the purchasers. It was towards the end of the seventeenth century that the bridge market was removed to a broad street between Boar-lane and the Moot Hall, "to prevent the inconveniency from the cold in winter and the trouble of carts and carriages in summer." The hardy men who exposed their "cloath" could not have suffered much in the colder months though, if they regaled themselves, as seems to have been customary, by means of the "Brigend shot," which consisted, for twopence, of a famous plate of beef, a noggin (?) of porridge, and a pot of good October. A sort of Covent-garden Market it was, since it opened at six in winter and seven in summer, and closed by eight or half past to make way for the vendors of other saleable articles. Says an old chronicler: "Then you see ten or twenty thousand pounds' worth of cloth, and sometimes more, bought and sold with a whisper only in little more than an hour; the laws of the market here being more strictly observed than at any place in England."

The Cloth Halls

were long a great feature of commercial life of the town. Early in the eighteenth century was the first "stately hall for white cloths erected, at near a thousand pounds' charge, by certain merchants and tradesmen in town." Land for the purpose was given in Kirkgate by Lord Irwin. In this hall Jacobite Leeds sang and danced so long as no other more suitable place was available, while afterwards the place afforded shelter for the Baptists upon the commencement of that cause in the town. Another hall which was substituted was eventually made useless by the introduction of the railway, and then was built, in King-street, a fine structure, which, not being now needed to serve its designed purposes, is gradually being absorbed in accordance with modern needs and circumstances. The Local Improvement Act of 1755 gave the quietus to the markets in the streets, and the clothiers paid £400 to Richard Wilson for a portion of the park—still remembered by the street names of Park-row, Park-lane, and Park-square—on which to erect the Coloured Cloth Hall. That building, rendered classic by the political associations of Brougham, Cobden, Macaulay, and Gladstone, eventually fell into disuse, and has lately been wiped out of existence by the Corporation, who for the privilege paid £66,000 to those claiming reversionary interests. The town now began to experience by degrees the effects of a new vitality in municipal, social, and religious affairs, and in these words the remainder of

The Eighteenth Century

could be epitomised. The activity of the Corporation is seen in the demolition of the "common oven," which had yielded £120 a year to one John Metcalfe, the under-bailiff, who for the monopoly had paid a tithe of that amount. Besides having front gardens, many of the Briggate houses had the further recommendation then of a good draw-well in the yard. The first deliberate attempt to relieve the town of a difficulty in respect of the water-supply was made by the Corporation in 1693-4, but it is incomprehensible that £40 good consideration should, as stated, have been paid by George Scorold, of Derby, for permission to put down an engine for the conveyance of water through the streets from



AN EXAMPLE FOR THE MERCHANT PRINCES OF LEEDS: HANDSOME DRINKING FOUNTAIN AND TEMPLE, ERECTED BY MR. BARRAN IN ROUNDHAY PARK.

The River Aire.

This must have been the happy time spoken of by Carlyle, when the stream rolled down "as yet unpolluted by dyers' chemistry; tenanted by merry trouts and piscatory otters"—a description which brings one sadly to the present, when, through the action of said dyers and others, the stream, despite recent attempts at betterment, is a standing reproach to the local and district authorities. The philosopher's description is confirmed by the offer of one Thomas Musgrave "to white the goods sent to him as well as they can be done in Coventry." In 1756 Horace Walpole visited Leeds, and found it to be "a dingy large town situated in a country the whole of which is a colliery or a quarry." This cynical, social pet, doubtless, found its dinginess illustrated through the medium of the oil lamps which now began, as the electric light is at present, to be used fitfully and by private enterprise. Sheepscar at this time was separated from the town by roads that were frequently impassable, and it must have been with pleasure to many that an Act was passed for "enlightening the streets and lanes, and regulating the pavement in the town of Leeds." Gas was introduced in 1818.

Religious Matters

saw an awakening during the eighteenth century. Boar-lane was then an aristocratic locality. We read that in 1722 Thoresby rambled into Swinegate, to Cousin Wilson's, to inquire about the new church to be erected at Bore-lane end, and it was agreed that £175 should be given to Widow Sleigh for the Kid Garth; and here was erected, in the Roman Doric style, the Trinity Church reputed to have been designed by Sir Christopher Wren. Dissent was not long before it gained a footing, as the result of Whitfield's and Wesley's ministrations. A structure in chiselled stone, erected for the Rev. John Edwards, who was converted under Whitfield, became known as the White Chapel, because of the contrast it formed

LEEDS LIMNED: NEW LEEDS BRIDGE.

to its brick surroundings. It was placed in what is still known as the South Market, and has now become merely a storehouse for leather. The Wesleyans built a chapel long known as the Old Boggart House, and was thus called on account of some ghost story which has not survived. In the last decade of the century the Roman Catholics erected a chapel in Lady-lane, while the churches of St. Paul and St. James were also built. In social affairs the place was not without its attractions. Horseracing and "cockings" were not neglected. Culture was not wanting, for at this period the two local poets, Fairfax and Congreve, must have exercised no small influence upon their native parts; the Leeds Library, mainly owing to the renowned Dr. Priestley, minister at Mill-Hill Chapel, was founded; while invention had no mean representative in Smeaton, who built the famous Eddystone Lighthouse. These were the days of the old watchmen, before Sir Robert Peel's army of peace-preservers was introduced. Comedians and dancing-masters appeared on the scene; and quite a fine picture is presented of the way in which Royalty was entertained, and in which Georgian Leeds celebrated its mightiest orgies. We are told that the King's Arms Hotel, just above Duncan-street, "was the centre of gravity, commercial and social, in the days when Briggate was devoted to so many strange purposes. Parsons and schoolmasters were elected there over their pipes and gin. Grass grew in front of it. Bonfires were kindled upon the grass, and barrels of ale broached at them when George III. was proclaimed King. The Georgian Corporation swilled at it until their corporate credit was drowned in the refrain 'Landlord, fill the flowing bowl,' and he did not. On other celebrated occasions, when powder and patriotism were in the air, the troops quartered in the town were wont to fire three volleys in front of the King's Arms Inn." It is told, also, that on Oct. 30, 1739, the declaration of war with Spain was proclaimed in Leeds "with the usual solemnity by the Mayor, Alderman, and Common Council, the town's music playing before them 'Britons, strike home!' and it not only being our market, but a very great fair, the streets were filled with as great a concourse of people as ever was seen on any occasion."

G. Steel Darley.

(To be continued.)

Worms in Children—Are easily, surely, and with perfect safety got rid of by using Keating's Worm Tablets. Tins, 1s. 1½d. each.—[Advt.]

Tobacconists Commencing.—See Illus. Guide, 220 pages (3 stamps), "How to Commence."—Tobacconists' Outfitting Co. (Reg.), 186, Euston-road, London.—[Advt.]

LEGAL COLUMN

["Lex" will be happy to answer simple questions of Law put to him concisely by readers of "The Penny Illustrated Paper."]

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Std.—A receipt for upwards of two pounds must have a stamp, although the debt may be paid by cheque.

Journeyman Baker cannot be made to pay one pound because his son, when not acting as his servant or agent, accidentally broke a pane of plate glass.

J. K. B.—A bill of sale in proper form for upwards of £30 would be good, if bonâ fide, except in case of your bankruptcy.

E. N. R. B.—Such a notice may not be proper, but would not invalidate an election. Write Clerk of Local Board or Local Government Board, London.

A. R.—The legacy lapsed, and the husband does not take.

Alice Beer.—It is an awkward case. Give your landlord and your tenant both proper written notice, and then go. You may be liable still if your undertenant stays and the landlord does not accept him. But, in that case, after you are out you can take proceedings for ejectment.

W. J.—If the notice to quit was duly received by you, a yearly tenant, on March 23 to quit on Sept. 29, and that was the proper end of the year of your tenancy, it is a good notice; and, as you cannot deny its receipt, the tenancy would be duly terminated by the notice.

Verax.—The money of the married lady to whom you refer, if she dies without a will and there be no marriage settlement, would go to her husband, who, should the money be in the hands of other persons or invested, would have to obtain letters of administration to his wife's personal estate. Should there be any freehold property, the son would take no interest in it.

Chacago wants to know what he, having taken a piece of land and fenced it, and he being unable to get a lease, had better do, as he has spent money on the land. We infer there was some promise of a lease. Chacago does not, however, state why he should expect a lease. Was there a contract for a lease, which he can prove? If he can show that his tenancy and expenditure are referrible even to a verbal but definite promise by the landowner to give a lease, which promise can be proved to the satisfaction of the Court, then Chacago can compel a lease to be given.

Xerxes.—A lady who is anxious to avail herself of an offer of marriage is (naturally) deterred from accepting it because she has a husband alive. She fears a charge of adultery being brought by her husband, who left her three years ago, went to America, and deserted her and her two children. She hears he has quite recently been seen in America, and is able to support her and her children. Having waited three years, she wants to know whether she can be legally married again, or how long she must wait before she will be at liberty to do so. Unfortunately the lady in question may have to wait a long time. According to the wisdom of our marriage laws—which are more rigorous and ecclesiastical than those of our own Colonies and many foreign States—unless she can show her husband to have been guilty of adultery, she can never get a divorce; and, meanwhile, as she knows her husband to be alive, of course she must never marry again, unless she survive her husband. This is one of the many cases in which a woman is cruelly tied up for life. The cost of proving adultery committed in America would be heavy and practically prohibitive, except to very rich people.—LEX.

FUN AND FANCY.

A DECEPTIVE THOUGHT.

Rev. Dr. Primrose: "When you were stealing the cake, my young friend, what thought did you have?"

Little Johnnie: "I thought nobody was looking."

It is fortunate that usury was not favoured in patriarchal times. A business life of five or six hundred years would enable a pushing man to own the whole earth.

HE WAS SURE OF IT.

Lady Customer (angrily): "I believe there is water in your milk, Sir."

Honest Milkman: "Yes, Madam, there is. I have on several occasions urged the cows to be more careful, but they insist that it is impossible to make milk without water."

PRETTY FAR GONE.

Deagan (who has swallowed a fish-bone): "How-ow-how-wow!"

Mrs. Deagan: "How d' yez feel, Patty?"

Deagan: "Did Tim run for th' ambylanch?"

Mrs. Deagan: "He did."

Deagan: "Lave him countymand it an' orther a hear-r-rse. *That's* how Oi feel!"

THE ECONOMICAL FAITH.

"There is one thing I don't understand about Harry."

"What is that?"

"Why, ever since I told him I intended to keep

Stranger. "Well, Bobby, you will have a new uncle soon. I am your Aunt Mary's choice for a husband."

Bobby (surprised): "Well, that is strange. I heard her tell mamma, only yesterday, that you were Hobson's choice."

Lent he has been simply overwhelming me with invitations to the theatre and opera.

Why fear a man-eating tiger, when it is so easy to turn the tables by leaving out the hyphen?

Book Agent: "Here is that book, Ma'am, you were to Play the Piano."

Lady of the House: "What book? I didn't order any book."

"No'm; but the neighbours did, and they told me to bring it to you."

"Did you say your friend was a contractor?"

"Yes, he contracts debts."

"I wish I could do that; mine seem to expand all the time."

A MOTHER'S VIEW.

Mamma: "You must put an end to it at once, Penelope: "Surely you would not have me refuse a man who saved my life!"

Mamma: "He may have saved your life, my dear, but from what I know of him it is the only good he ever did save."

THE EASY HAIR CURLER.

They will not entangle or break the hair, are effective and require no skill to use.

Each Curler being made in one piece, they cannot get out of order.

THE QUICKEST, CHEAPEST, AND MOST SIMPLE CURLERS EXTANT.

MADE IN FIVE COLOURS TO MATCH THE HAIR.

Twelve Curlers in a Box, 6d.

By Post, 8d.

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WATCHES.—In Bankruptcy. 500 Solid SILVER WATCHES, four holes Jewelled, 10s. 6d. each; superior ditto, 12s. 6d. Being genuine, any sent post free on approval.—BENNETT, Practical Maker, Accountant, and Valuer to the Trade, Mitcham, Surrey. Lists and Prices of others post free.

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150 LARGE powerful-tone BOXES, playing six tunes, 30s.; usual price, £4 4s. 100 ditto, playing eight tunes, extra large, £2 2s.; usual price, £5 5s. Any sent on approval. List of tunes post free.—BENNETT, Accountant, Mitcham, Surrey.

BIRKBECK BANK.—Established 1851. Southampton Buildings. Chancery-lane. THREE PER CENT INTEREST allowed on Deposits, repayable on demand.

Two per Cent on Current Accounts when not drawn below £100.

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which will adhere to the target and indicate the Score.

HARMLESS PISTOLS with Indiarubber Vacuum Arrow,

The only Game for In and Out Door Amusements Suited for all Ages.

Bronze Pistol, with Arrow and Target, 2s.

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Will not Break Glass or Mar Furniture.

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HAIR DESTROYER.—ALEX. ROSS'S ordinary Depilatory removes hair from the face and hands without injury, 3s. 6d., sent by post for 50 stamps; the Electric Appliance for strong hair, 70s.; the German Process to remove thick hair, £2 2s.; and the Cauterising Liquid, 10s. 6d., ALEX. ROSS, Inventor of the Nose Machine, 21, Lamb's Conduit-street, W.C., London. Estab. 1850.

WHISKERS, &c.—BALDNESS. Whiskerine positively forces luxuriant growth in a few days. Surprises everybody. Will prove it or forfeit £100. Free, 12 stamps.—J. BENNIE, Chemist, St. Luke's, Cork. Only test it.

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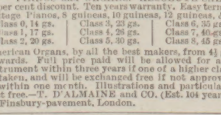

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WIDOW WELCH'S FEMALE PILLS

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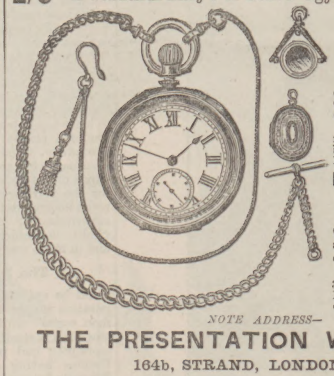

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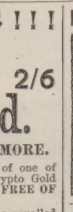

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The present system of living—partaking of too rich foods, as pastry, saccharine, and fatty substances, alcoholic drinks, and an insufficient amount of exercise—frequently deranges the liver. I would advise all bilious people, unless they are careful to keep the liver acting freely, to exercise great care in the use of alcoholic drinks, avoid sugar, and always dilute largely with water. Experience shows that sugar, pink or chemically coloured sherbet, mild ales, port wine, dark sherries, sweet champagne, liqueurs, and brandies are all very apt to disagree; while light white wines, and gin or whisky largely diluted with soda-water, will be found the least objectionable. ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" is peculiarly adapted for any constitutional weakness of the liver; it possesses the power of reparation when digestion has been disturbed or lost, and places the mind on the right track to health. A world of woes is avoided by those who keep and use ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"; therefore no family should ever be without it.

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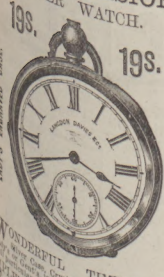

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ONE SINGLE RUBBING
WITH THE PURE PRODUCT

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is guaranteed to do more good than Six Similar Rubbings with any other Compound Oil, Embrocation, Liniment, or Patent Medicine advertised for the cure of similar maladies, and the Proprietors of these preparations are challenged to refute this statement if they can.

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is no American quackery, no mere mixture of Hartshorn and Oil, or other worthless compounds. It is NOT a Patent Medicine, but it is a

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IT HAS CURED SCORES OF THE WORST CASES!
IT WILL CURE YOU!

OUR PROOFS.

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MR. A. SALT, Hammerswick, had a severe attack of Chronic Rheumatism in his knee and ankle, and for five months had been unable to walk without the assistance of two sticks. The pain in his limbs was so bad that they felt as if they were broken. Scores of remedies had been tried, but had done him no good. As a last resource he determined to use BAYLEY'S WOOD OILS, and, to his great surprise and satisfaction, after the first dressing he obtained relief; and before half the bottle had been applied he had lost all pain, and was able to resume his usual work, and to walk as well as ever.

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MR. FREDERICK CHAMBERS, Oxford-street, Pleck, says: "I suffered for eight weeks acute torture in every limb, sometimes being almost paralysed with pain. I had tried scores of liniments, recommended by friends, without obtaining any relief, but after using one bottle of BAYLEY'S WOOD OILS, the pains left me, and I now feel better than I have done for months. I strongly recommend all sufferers from Rheumatism to use BAYLEY'S WOOD OILS, and you are at perfect liberty to mention my name in testimony of its great value."

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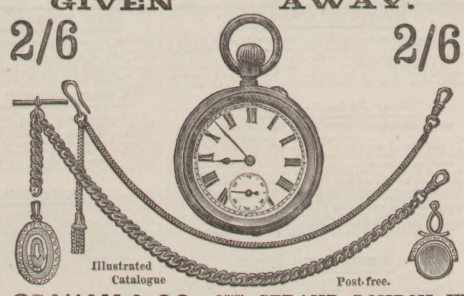
2/6 **2/6**



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Preparation and take no other.
Sold everywhere, 6d., 1s., and 1s. 6d. per Bottle.
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Of any metal or make, if sent to us, can be thoroughly cleaned and beautifully PLATED with pure gold 18ct. GOLD (or sterling silver), very lasting wear. Returned next day safe by post, 1s. 2d.; extra thick casing 2s. 2d. and 2s. 9d.; also by Fire Gilding. OLD SPOONS, Cruets, Salvers, &c., re-plated like new; price list sent. ROBBINS, Gold and Silver Plater, 118, Pencharch-street, London. Established 1855.

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The Safest Medicine.
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Prepared without Mercury.
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Restore the Appetite.
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IF NOT IT IS READY FOR YOU.

BUY YOUR WATCHES AND JEWELLERY DIRECT.

Silver Watches from 12s.; Gold, 25s.; Silver Brooches, 10d.; Earrings, 8d.; Lockets, 1s. 3d.; Necklets, 3s.; Pencils, 1s.; Scarf-Pins, 6d.; Gold Dress Rings, 3s. 6d.; Lockets, 3s. 6d., Earrings, 2s. 9d. Genuine gold and silver guaranteed. Grand New Catalogue, 1200 Engravings, of high-class Watches and Jewellery, POST FREE on application. See one before purchasing.
S. MEEKS, 100, Spencer-street, Birmingham.

TESTIMONIALS FROM GENTLEMEN, Selected from Thousands.

Read carefully of the Complete Cures effected by wearing one of

TESTIMONIALS FROM LADIES. Selected from Thousands.

MR. C. B. HARNESS' ELECTROPATHIC BELT APPLIANCES.

NERVOUS WEAKNESS.

"Bank House, Bridge-street, Peterborough, March 3, 1890. "Dear Sir,—It is with great pleasure that I add my testimony to the value of your curative Electropathic appliances. "I have worn one for five months, and have derived great benefit from it. My general health has improved considerably.—I am, dear Sir, yours faithfully, HENRY L. CLARK."

"OLD JACK" DICKINSON.

NERVOUS EXHAUSTION FROM OVERWORK CURED.

"Horatio House, Leeds, March 20, 1890. "Dear Sir,—I am glad to inform you that the full-power Electropathic Belt I procured from you last summer has made a new man of me, my health being wonderfully good compared to what it was before wearing this valuable appliance, and I assure you I would not now be without it if the cost were ten times more, as it enables me to get through a vast amount of work in my business without the least difficulty or feelings of exhaustion and prostration I previously experienced. "Wherever I go I always speak well of your treatment, and, wishing you every success.—Yours faithfully, "'OLD JACK' DICKINSON (Champion Turf Telegraphist)."

RHEUMATIC GOUT.

"8, Eton Grove, Lee, Kent, S.E., Nov. 27, 1889. "Dear Sir,—Some time since I purchased one of your Electropathic Belts, as I had been suffering for some time with Rheumatic Gout, and was recommended to try your system. "I am pleased to say it had the desired effect, although I did not notice any apparent benefit until I had worn the belt for about a week; after that the improvement in health began, and continued, and I should be sorry to be without it now. "I trust many others who may be suffering in a similar way may be induced to try this remedy.—Yours gratefully, "GEO. FRANKLIN CHAMBERS."

A LIEUTENANT'S OPINION.

"4, St. James-place, London, S.W., Jan. 23, 1890. "Dear Sir,—I cannot leave England without expressing to you my thanks for the successful result of your Electropathic treatment, which I regard in every way a success. Please convey my best thanks to your officers for their skill and indefatigable exertions, their kindness and courtesy being beyond all praise. Again thanking you, and giving permission for reference to be made to me by letter at any time, if any retired wealth it believe me very faithfully yours, "H. W. (Lieutenant R.M.) "P.S.—On account of my service connection I must ask you, if you ever publish a revised edition of your testimonials, not to mention my full name."

LIVER AND KIDNEYS.

CHARLES SEWELL, Esq., Cirencester, writes: "March 24.—You may like to hear that I have worn one of your Electropathic Belts with the most satisfactory results, for whereas I used to be constantly laid up with liver attacks and kidney disorders, I have been entirely free from such ever since I began to wear the Belt."

LIFE WORTH LIVING.

DAVID WOODS, Esq., 2, Spring-villas, Ilkestone: "Jan. 5, 1889.—I have felt much better since I have worn your Electropathic Belt. Whereas life was burdensome before wearing it, I can now enjoy myself, and think life worth living."

A BARRISTER'S OPINION.

F. ARTHUR SIBLY, Esq., Barrister-at-law, M.A., LL.M. (Cantab.), writing from Haywardsfield, Stonehouse, Gloucestershire, says: "I must testify to the wonderful effect of your Electropathic Belt treatment. My vital energy was so low that I was quite incapacited for work of any kind. I have now regained all the vigour, both of body and of mind, and am completely restored to health."

SCIATICA CURED.

"The Hill, Wickham Market, Aug. 29, 1889. "Sir,—I am pleased to tell you the Electropathic Belt I had from you last April came quite up to, or beyond, my expectations, as I have been free from sciatic pain since the first week of wearing it, and should strongly recommend fellow-sufferers who have not applied to you to do so at once. You are at liberty to make what use of the above you please.—Faithfully yours, "C. CROWE."

A CLERGYMAN'S OPINION.

DELIVERANCE FROM PERPETUAL PAIN.

The Rev. WILLIAM JOHN EDGE, late Vicar of Holy Trinity, Upper Tooting, S.W., writes: "Having for some three years or more suffered from sciatica, which at length became almost intolerable, I was advised to purchase one of Mr. Harness' full-power Electropathic Belts, on the 14th of August last, which from that day forward I have persistently worn without intermission except at night. After three or four weeks the sciatica left me, and not only has never returned, but I may say with truth that, so far as my feelings are concerned, I am not conscious of the existence of a sciatic nerve! This deliverance from almost perpetual pain, which at times amounted to torture, I cannot but ascribe to your Electropathic Belt, and I feel bound thus to give public expression to my gratitude."

EXTRACTS.

Mr. W. READ, Kilvarock-street, Queen's Park, W., writes: "March 25, 1889.—I have been completely cured of my painful Sciatica by wearing Harness' Electropathic Belt."

JOSEPH KORN, Esq., Wilton-street, Liverpool, writes: "July 29, 1889.—The intense nervousness from which I have suffered all my life has left me after wearing your Electropathic Belt during fourteen days."

Major PAKENHAM, Longstone House, Armagh, writes: "The Electropathic Belt has completely cured me of rheumatic gout."

DON'T FORGET To call or **WRITE AT ONCE** Before you forget it **FOR PAMPHLET** Gratis and Post Free.

"THE GERM OF ALL LIFE IS ELECTRICITY."

Note the Address, **52, OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.** (Corner of Rathbone Place.)

LUMBAGO CURED.

A STATIONMASTER'S LETTER.

Mr. J. B. CARNE, Stationmaster, L.B. and S.C. Railway, Clapham Junction Station, S.W., writes: "April 7, 1887.—I beg to thank you very much for the great benefit that I have derived from wearing your Electropathic Belt which you sent me some months ago. I used to suffer with lumbago and pains in the back, both of which have now ceased. I have highly recommended the treatment to many friends."

A WEAK HEART.

Mr. M. CONYANNON, 20, Maitland Park-road, Haverstock-hill, N.W., writes: "The Electropathic Belt you recommended me has had the desired effect; it has stimulated the circulation of my blood. I am very much better in health, and can only say that Harness' Electropathic Appliances may truly claim all that is said of them."

DEBILITY CURED.

"Beaufort House, Tenby, South Wales, Feb. 24, 1890. "Dear Sir,—I want to get an Electropathic Belt for a friend. Will you please send me a consultation form for her to fill up. "Since wearing your Belt, which I procured for myself, I feel that my nerve-power is much stronger, and I am in all ways better.—Believe me, yours truly, "(Miss) M. M. B."

NEURALGIC HEADACHE.

"Woodview, Westbury-on-Trym, Bristol, Jan. 29, 1890. "Dear Sir,—I have much pleasure in testifying to the great benefit I have derived from the use of an Electropathic Belt. I have suffered intensely from neuralgic headache; but since wearing your appliance, purchased in October 1889, I have experienced marked relief. You are welcome to make use of this letter as a true and unexaggerated account of what your wonderful appliance has done for me.—Yours very sincerely, "MISS A. EVANS."

INDIGESTION.

MISS M. A. CLARK, 41, Southfield-street, Nelson-lane, writes: "Your Electropathic Belt has effected a remarkable change for the better. I feel quite a different person altogether."

MRS. E. HOLDER, 3, Arthur-street, Cambridge, writes: "Feb. 28, 1887.—I feel a great deal better since wearing your Electropathic Belt."

RHEUMATIC FEVER.

MRS. DORCAS WEDDELL, 32, Long-lane, Bermondsey, London, S.E., writes: "Jan. 8.—It gives me much pleasure to add my testimony to the great relief I have received by wearing one of your Electropathic Belts. Some seven years ago I was laid up with rheumatic fever, and have suffered very much since, so much so that only five weeks ago I was unable to walk, but now, having worn one of your Belts for three weeks, I can walk comfortably without any assistance. Under no circumstances would I part from it."

INTERNAL WEAKNESS.

ELIZABETH WINFIELD, 22, Grantham-street, Gosport. "April 8, 1889.—I procured your Electropathic Belt in January last, and have felt very much better ever since. It is very comfortable and pleasant to wear."

LADIES' AILMENTS.

MISS M. RAMSEY, 55, Wenlock-street, Hoxton, N., writes: "The effect was wonderful: I feel like a different person."

MRS. F. COTTON, Sandford-road, Moseley, writes: "Since using your Electropathic Belt I am much better. It relieves me of sleep and less sickness."

EXTRACTS.

MISS EDITH HARRIS, 3, Albany-terrace, East Cowes, Isle of Wight, writes: "March 30, 1886.—Your Electropathic Belt completely cured me of Rheumatism."

MRS. J. MUGFORD, 27, Church-street, Brannam, Ashburton, writes: "I have derived such great benefit from your Electropathic Belt that I would not be without it. It has quite cured my sciatica."

SCIATICA CURED.

A RECENT LETTER from the Widow of a Medical Man who had suffered for years from Acute Sciatica, Hamilton Terrace, "44, Upper Belgrave-road, Bristol, Jan. 15, 1890. "Clifton. Bristol, Jan. 15, 1890. "Dear Sir,—I am quite certain that I should not be writing you so much to know that the Electropathic Belt is working wonders in the improvement is most marked in starting, for I have not had less severe at night, which I can scarcely realise myself, as I have for six months suffered so dreadfully, and have been as being a great benefactor to the human race, for I am sure you are! Please accept my most grateful thanks for your kindness to me to remain, yours ever truly, "SARAH PAGE."

EXTRACT.

MISS E. LAMBOURNE, Herne-hill, London, S.E., writes: "Oct. 26.—I have great pleasure in stating that I have derived great benefit from your Electropathic Belt. I feel much better after I commenced wearing it. I felt better than I have for months."

SISTER GERTRUDE.

Sister M. GERTRUDE, Mount Carmel Convent, Loughrea, county Galway, writes: "Feb. 27, 1890.—I have derived much Electropathic Belt I have experienced a feeling of increased strength and vitality. My general health has greatly improved."

MISS L. TURNER, 119, Gipsy-hill, Norwood, writes: "March 7, 1890.—I had been suffering for nearly three years from nervous. It is a great comfort."

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occasionally advertised as Electric Batteries, &c., but which cannot possibly generate any Electricity.

ALL HEALTH SEEKERS SHOULD WEAR HARNESS' ELECTROPATHIC BELT

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IT HAS CURED THOUSANDS (*Vide Testimonials*), and should be worn regularly by all who suffer from

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It weighs only a few ounces, is delightfully Comfortable to Wear, Improves the Figure, Prevents Chills, Invigorates and Exhilarates the debilitated Constitution—fortifying it against Rheumatic and other Affections, and practically Exterminating Disease from the System.

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